THE ESSAYES OF A PRENTISE, IN THE DIVINE ART OF POESIE.

WITH

A PREFATORY MEMOIR,

BY

R. P. GILLIES, ESQ., F. S. A. E.

And now whiles I consider what a Trompet of Honor Homer hath bene to sturre up many woorthy Princes; I cannot forget the woorthy Prince that is a Homer to himselfe, a golden spurre to Nobility, a Scepter to Vertue, a Verdure to the Spring, a Sunne to the day; and hath not only translated the two divine poems of Salustius du Bartas, his heavenly Urany, and his hellish Furies, but hath readd a most Valorous Martial Lecture unto himselfe in his own victorious Cepanto, a short heroicall worke in meeter, but royal meeter fitt for a David's harpe.

GABRIEL HARVEY.

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THE ESSAYES OF A PRENTISE, IN THE DIVINE ART OF POESIE.

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1584.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE CATALOGVE OF THE workis heirin conteined.

IF *Martiall* deeds, and practiſe of the pen
Haue wonne to auncient *Grece* a worthie fame:
If Battels bold, and Bookes of learned men
Haue magnified the mightie R*omain* name:
Then place this Prince, who well deſerues the ſame:
Since he is one of M*ars* and *Pallas* race:
For both the *Godds* in him haue ſett in frame
Their vertewes both, which both, he doth embrace.
O M*acedon*, adornde with heauenly grace,
O R*omain* ſtout, decorde with learned ſkill,
The M*onarks* all to thee ſhall quite their place:
Thy endles fame ſhall all the world fulfill.
And after thee, none worthier ſhalbe ſeene,
To ſway the S*vvord*, and gaine the *Laurell* greene.

T. H.

SONNET.

THE glorious *Grekis* in ſtately ſtyle do blaiſe
The lawde, the conqurour gaue their *Homer* olde:
The verſes *Cæſar* ſong in *Maroes* praiſe
The *Romanis* in remembrance depe haue rolde.
Ye *Theſpian* N*ymphes*, that ſuppe the N*ectar* colde,
That from P*arnaſſis* forked topp doth fall,
What *Alexander* or *Auguſtus* bolde,
May ſound his fame, whoſe vertewes paſſe them all?
O P*hœbus*, for thy help, heir might I call,
And on *Minerue*, and M*aias* learned ſonne:
But ſince I know, none was, none is, nor ſhall,
Can rightly ring the fame that he hath wonne,
Then ſtay your trauels, lay your pennis adowne,
For *Cæſars* works, ſhall iuſtly *Cæſar* crowne.

R. H.

SONNET.

The mightie Father of the M*uſes* nyne
Who mounted thame vpon P*arnaſſus* hill,
Where *Phœbus* faire amidd theſe S*iſters* ſyne
With learned toung ſatt teaching euer ſtill,
Of late yon God declared his woundrous will,
That *Vranie* ſhould teach this Prince moſt rare:
Syne ſhe informed her ſcholler with ſuch ſkill,
None could with him in Poeſie compaire.
Lo, heir the fructis, N*ymphe*, of thy foſter faire,
Lo heir (ô noble *Ioue*) thy will is done,
Her charge compleit, as deid doth now declaire.
This work will witneſſe, ſhe obeyed the ſone.
O *Phœbus* then reioyce with glauncing glore,
Since that a King doth all thy court decore.

M. VV.

SONNET.

WHen as my minde exemed was from caire,
Among the N*ymphis* my ſelf I did repoſe:
Where I gaue eare to one, who did prepaire
Her ſugred voice this ſequell to diſcloſe.
Conveine your ſelfs (ô ſiſters) doe not loſe
This paſſing tyme which haſteth faſt away:
And yow who wrytes in ſtately verſe and proſe,
This glorious Kings immortall gloire diſplay.
Tell how he doeth in tender yearis eſſay
Aboue his age with ſkill our arts to blaiſe.
Tell how he doeth with gratitude repay
The crowne he wan for his deſerued praiſe.
Tell how of *Ioue*, of M*ars*, but more of *God*
The gloire and grace he hath proclaimed abrod.

M. W. F.

SONNET.

CAN goldin *Titan* ſhyning bright at morne
For light of torchis, caſt ane greater ſhaw?
Can *Thunder* reard the heicher for a horne?
Craks *Cannons* louder, thoght ane *Cok* sould craw?
Can our weak breath help *Boreas* for to blaw?
Can *Candill* lowe giue fyre a greater heit?
Can quhyteſt *Swans* more quhyter mak the *Snaw*?
Can *Virgins* tears augment the *Vinters* weit?
Helps pyping *Pan Apollos* Muſique ſweit?
Can *Fountanis* ſmall the *Ocean ſea* increſſe?
No, they augment the greater nocht a quheit:
Bot they them ſelues appears to grow the leſſe.
So (worthy Prince) thy works ſall mak the knawin.
Ours helps not thyne: we ſteynzie bot our awin.

De huius Libri Auctore, Herculis
Rolloci coniectura.

Qvisquis es, entheus hic exit quo Auctore libellus,
(*Nam liber Auctorem conticet ipse suum*)
Dum quonam ingenio meditor, genioque subactus,
Maiora humanis viribus ista canas :
Teque adeo qui sis expendo : aut Diuus es, inquam,
Aut a Diuum aliquis forte secundus homo.
Nil sed habet simile aut Diuis, aut terra secundum :
Quanquam illis Reges proximus ornat honos.
Aut opus hoc igitur humano semine nati
Nullius, aut hoc sic Regis oportet opus.

PREFACE.

It must be allowed, perhaps, that the poetry of King James possesses no great intrinsic merit. Amid the romantic scenery of his birth and education, he probably never looked on any object with the true eye of a poet. Feeble as was the lustre of a court in those days, and simple and unrefined its habits and manners compared with the luxurious artifices of modern times, yet there was enough to enslave and controul the mind of the King. "My burden," he observes, "is great and continual." He had no eye for wild and unsophisticated nature. There is no evidence that he ever looked with rapture on the castled cliffs and aërial towers of his native city; or that he ever watched with a heart full of emotion the beams of the morning sun ascending out of the sea; and the rocky cliffs of Arthur's Seat, that overhang

Holyrood palace, half-seen, half-lost, amid the lingering vapours of night. There is no evidence that he ever loved, or hated, or rejoiced, or suffered, like a poet. It must then be granted that his productions have no great intrinsic claims to notice; for their author possessed not the true temperament of a bard!

But most justly has it been said by Hume, that "such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess over every other occupation, that even he who obtains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence over those who excel in other professions." And, after all the concessions that have been made, it must be allowed, on the other side, that the royal author of these "Essayes" yet possesses high and unequivocal claims to the regard of the bibliographer. If JAMES was not himself a great author, he was at least a venerator and encourager of authorship. While other monarchs have chosen to mark their earthly career in characters of blood and desolation, his prime ambition was to be enrolled among poets and philosophers; and if this object could not be gained, he loved to translate from the works of others. "But sen, alas!"

he exclaims, alluding to Du Bartas, " God by nature hath denied me the like lofty and quick ingyne, and that my muse, age, and fortune have refused me the like skill and learning, I was forced to have refuge to the secound, which was to do what lay in me to set forth his praise when I could not merit the like myself." From his earliest years he delighted to foster and cherish the genius and reputation of his literary contemporaries. In consequence of this alone, he becomes an object of respect and attention; and his character is illuminated by a borrowed light.

But this is not all. JAMES, if not an original inventor, was a competent classical scholar. The editor has at this moment, through the kindness of a highly valued literary friend, a transcript of an authentic document, indorsed, " The Kingis Maties buikis Julii 1576." The books consist altogether of about ninety-two articles; of which the titles, all except two, are in Latin; and suggest chiefly well-known classical authors and books of divinity. There are also some treatises on the occult sciences, and old chronicles. It is apparent that this paper is not the catalogue of his Majesty's

whole library, but merely a list of books given out to the binder. It comprises two different records; of which the second begins, " October 1580 John gibsonis buikbinder's precept 17 lb 4 s 4 d."

To shew the exemplary care with which JAMES transacted affairs relating to his library, I transcribe the following.

" Thesaurar & zour deputtis ze sall ansuer thir buikis to ze kingis maiestie And the prices thairof salbe thankfullie allowit to zow in zour comptis kepand thir presentis for zour warrand subscrivit with ovr hand At Dalkeith the xxv day of Julij 1576 JAMES REGENT."

" Rex.

Thesaurare we greit zow weill. It is our will and we charge zou that ze Incontinent aftir the sycht heirof ansuer our louit John gipsoun buikbinder of the sowme of sevintene pundis iiij ss iiij d within mentionat To be thankfullie allowit to zow in zour comptis keping this our precept with the said Johnne his acquitance tharevpoun for zour warrand subscryvit with our hand at Halyrudhous the first day of October 1580 JAMES R."

But the researches of the bibliographer depend for their support on the pleasures which they afford to the imagination. It has been observed by SCOTT, that the mere attribute of antiquity is of itself sufficient to rouse and interest the fancy.* Bibliography has been censured by the dull and unthinking, and old poetry has been called "trash" by those, to whose dormant imaginations it calls up no delightful associations. But let not such persons dare to condemn what is worthless, *only* because their cold hearts and narrow intellects are incapable of appreciating its worth!

The interesting attributes of King James as a poet, however, are not confined to that of antiquity alone. His verses are not wholly destitute of mind. His twelve sonnets to the gods evince learning at least; and perhaps are not devoid of some original and poetical thoughts. The "Metaphorical Inventioun of a Tragedy called Phœnix" has been considered to relate to the character and misfortunes of Queen Mary. "Under the semblance of that fabulous bird," observes Mr Sibbald,

* *See his admirable preface to Carey's Poems in Edinb. Ann. Register for* 1810.

" if I mistake not, the author attempts to exhibit the matchless beauty and sufferings of his unfortunate mother, whom he represents as dead, but performs his task with so much caution, and with such a timid and trembling hand, that one can scarcely recognize the resemblance."

The " Revlis and Cautelis" have always been considered curious. To the " Schort Poem of Tyme," when compared with the production of contemporary poets, may justly be applied the expression of Pope's father, " These are good rhymes."

As a monarch, JAMES has been abundantly censured by several historians. With this I have nothing to do. My business is only with his literary character. Were I to offer any remark on his conduct as a King, I should feel inclined to join with those judges who think, that after the union of the crowns, he was constrained to act as he did by difficulties, of which those who censure him are not sufficiently aware.

While his court flourished at Holyrood, it seems to have been adorned by several individuals of eminence and elegant taste in literature, especially by

Fouler, by Montgomery, Arbuthnot, and Alexander Hume.

The works of Fouler in MS. were presented to the College Library of Edinburgh; where they have reposed undisturbed, save by the hand (now cold) of that admirable poet and antiquary Dr Leyden: a gleam of whose genius fell on the neglected pages of two unfortunate bards, and rescued a few sonnets of Fouler, and a beautiful poem, "The Day Estival," of Hume, from oblivion. A MS. of Hume's poetry, referred to by Leyden, is preserved in the Advocates' Library; and a collection of his poems in quarto was printed at Edinburgh by Robert Waldegrave in 1599. This edition is now before me; but is so very rare as to be almost quite unattainable. He has rescued, also, an excellent sonnet of King James, addressed to Fouler, and prefixed to "The Triumph of Petrarke." As it exhibits rather a favourable specimen of the King's poetry, it is here subjoined:

SONNET.

"We find by proof that into every age
In Phœbus art some glistering stars did shine,

Who worthy scholars to the Muses sage
  Fulfilled their countries with their workes divine,
So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine
  Among the Greeks into his learned days;
So Virgil was among the Romans syne
  A sprite sublimed, a pillar of their praise.
So lofty Petrarke his renown did blaze
  In tongue Italic in a sugred style,
And to the circled skies his name did raise,
  For he by poems that he did compile
Led in triumph Love, Chastness, Death, and Fame,
But thou triumphs o'er Petrarke's proper name."

Of the "Revlis and Cautelis" the most remarkable chapter is the last, in which the author probably indicates the favourite poets, to whom he served his apprenticeship, by resorting to them for illustrative quotations. Of the first of these quotations I am not prepared to say whence it is extracted. It seems to sound like the poetry of Gawin Douglas, but is not to be found in any of his prologues. The circumstance which constitutes whatever poetical merit the verses possess, renders it the more difficult to ascertain its origin, for in the poetry both of Scotland and England at this period,

there are numberless "Auroras," of which all are more or less beautiful. "All differ, but all agree" in those leading expressions and phrases, by which the origin of a quotation is generally to be traced.

Almost every poem of any length or consequence in the romantic ages begins with a description of a morning in spring. The remark applies to every old romancer; to Douglas, Dunbar, Lyndesay, and other Scottish worthies, and is equally applicable to Chaucer. I never walk out to Blackford or Corstorphine hill or Arthur's seat, in the fine mornings of April or May, when the west winds blow, and all nature smiles, without fancying that these very walks have given rise to many strains of inspired poetry, whose memory shall never die. I imagine that it was *here* where Leyden wrote his beautiful sonnet on Sabbath Morning; where Dunbar conceived the preface to his "Goldin Terge;" or where Dugald Stewart walked with the Ayrshire bard, whose never-dying strains yet swell upon the ear. There is extant a fine old song, entitled, "Blackford hill," which I have often recollected

when wandering near the romantic scenery to which it refers.*

Of the next two quotations the editor is equally unprepared to assign the author. The stanza *on Echo* is from a poem of Montgomery's, to be found in volume third of Sibbald's Chronicle, where also a copious extract is given from the "Flyting of Polwart and Montgomery;" from which extravagant production the ludicrous description of witches is taken by the royal critic. The last of the king's illustrations is a stanza of a well-known poem of Montgomery.

Of the recommendatory versifiers T[homas] H[udson] was the author of a translation of Du Bartas's History of Judith, printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Vautrollier, and republished in the works of Du Bartas, by Joshua Sylvester.†

* *While correcting the proof sheet of this preface, I discovered that "Blackford Hill" is not ancient, but is the composition of Mr Pinkerton. The origin of the song in question, with that of many others, is determined by the confessions in page CXXXI of "List of the Scotish Poets," prefixed to volume first of Maitland Poems. Lond.* 1786.

† *A copy of the original either is, or ought to be, in the College Library, as it occurs in Drummond's Catalogue.*

R. H[udson] probably a brother of the preceding, was also a writer of verses. See an address to him by Montgomery, in the second volume of Sibbald's Chronicle.

M. W. F. is obviously Master William Fouler, author of "The Triumphs of Petrarke" and "The Tarantula of Love," extant in MS. in the College Library of Edinburgh, of which specimens have been published by Dr Leyden. Besides this, Fouler was the author of the following, also addressed to the king.

SONNET.

Where shall the limits lie of all your fame?
  Where shall the borders be of your renown?
In East, or where the sunne again goeth down?
  Or shall the fixed Poles impale the same?
Where shall the pillars which your praise proclaime,
  Or trophies stand of that expected crowne?
The monarch first of that triumphant towne
  Revives in you, by you renews his name.
For that which he performed in battels bold
  To us his books with wonders doth unfold.
So we of you far more conceave in minde,
  As by your verse we plainlie, Sir, may see

You shall the writer and the worker be
  For to absolve that Cæsar left behind.*
Sibbald, 3. 492.

In addition to the ridiculous sonnet signed A. M. which are no doubt the initials of Montgomery, the following of more fortunate execution by the same author may not be unacceptable.

SONET TO HIS MAJESTIE.

As bright Apollo staineth every star,
  With goldin rayis when he begins to rise,
Quhais glorious glance yet stoutlie skaillis the skyis
  Quhen with a wink we wonder quhair they war,
Befoir his face for feir they faid so far
  And vanishes away in such a wayis,
That in their spheiris they dar not interpryse
  For to appeir lyk planeits as they ar;
Or as THE PHŒNIX, with hir fedrum fair,
  Excels all foulis in diverse hevinly hues
Quhais nature contrair nature so renews
  As onlie but companion or compair.
So quintessence of Kings! quhen thou compyle
  Thou stainis my versis with thy staitlie style.
Sibbald, 3. 493.

* *This is prefixed to "His Majesties Poetical Exercises."*

Comparisons have often been drawn between our author and his predecessor James I. with a view to depreciate the former. I confess I see no great merit in the buffooneries and ribaldry "of Chryst's Kirk on the Green," or "Peblis to the Play." But whatever praise I might be inclined to allow to these productions, infinitely rather would I read the worst composition of James VI. than join such facetious readers in their exclusive admiration of those two poems; or even of their prime favourites, the "Jollie Beggar" and the "Wyfe of Auchtermuchty." To such persons the present publication will no doubt appear dull and absurd. But I honour the spirit of the following address to his book, by John Bellenden, the translator of Hector Boyse's chronicle.

Sen thou conteins mo vailzeand men and wyse
  Than evir was red in ony buke but dout
Gif ony churle or velane the dispyse,
  BID HENCE HIM HARLOT! HE IS NOT OF THIS ROUT;
For heir are kingis and mony nobillis stout,
  And nane of thame pertenand to his clan.
Thou art sa full of nobylnes partout,
  I WALD NANE RED THE BOT ANE NOBYLL MAN!

Before concluding this preface, I must not forget to notice the second publication of James, printed by Robert Waldegrave in 1591, entitled, "Poetical Exercises," to which the preface is so interesting and unassuming, that it cannot fail to impress the reader with an indulgent and favourable opinion of its author.

"Receave here, beloved reader, a short poetique discovrs which I have selected and translated from amongst the rest of the works of Du Bartas as a vive mirror of this last and most decreeped age. Heere shalt thou see clearlie, as in a glass, the miseries of this wavering world," &c. &c. "And in case thou finde aswel in this work as in my Lepanto following, many incorect errors, both of the dytement and orthography, I must pray thee to accept this reasonable excuse which is this. Thow considers, I doubt not, that upon the one part, I composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares, wherein Nature, except she were a monster, can admit of no perfection. And now, on the other part, being of riper yeares, my burden is so great and continuall, without any intermission, that quhen any ingyne and age could, my affairs and

fasherie, will not permit me to remark the wrong orthography, committed by the copies of my unlegible and ragged hand, far les to amend my proper errours. Yea, scarslie, but at stolen moments, have I the lesure to blenk upon any paper, and yet not that with free and unvexed spirit. Alwaies rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee: which being well accepted, will move me to haste the presenting unto thee of my Apocalyps, and also such nomber of the Psalms as I have perfited, and incourage me to the ending out of the rest. And thus, beloved Reader, recommending these labours to thy freindlie acceptation, I bid thee hartelie farewell."

It is impossible to withhold a tribute of applause from this preface. And when due credit is granted to the author's apology, that these verses were the production of his "verie young and tender yeares," and it is considered that the Essays now reprinted were published in the author's eighteenth year, they have surely, on this account alone, a claim to be reckoned among the "curiosities of literature."

The "Exercises" consist of "The Furies," a

translation from a wild effusion of Du Bartas, depicting under this title all the vices and miseries that assail human nature, and of "The Lepanto," a long original poem of King James, of which he says in the preface, that "it is an argument, a minore ad majus, largely intreated by a poetique comparison, being to the writing hearof moved by the stirring up of the league and cruel persecution of the protestants in all countries, at the very first rageing whereof I compiled this poeme."

The poem, in short, is a narrative of the battle of Lepanto; from which inferences are drawn, which the author considers applicable to circumstances and events in his own age. This production afforded to Du Bartas, the contemporary and favourite author of JAMES, an opportunity of complimenting his royal friend. He translated "The Lepanto" into French heroic verse, and his translation was printed at Edinburgh in 1591, with a truly interesting preface, consisting of enthusiastic encomiums in prose, and a second preface of the same kind in verse, by the translator. And at the conclusion of the translation appears the following son-

net of KING JAMES, which being very little known, I gladly take this opportunity of reviving.

SONET.

The azure vaulte, the crystall circles bright,
  The gleaming fyrie torches powdered there;
The changing round, the shining beamie light,
  The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire;
The prodiges appearing in the aire,
  The rearding thunders and the blustering winds,
The foules in hue and shape and nature raire,
  The prettie notes that winged musicians finds;
In earth, the savrie flouris, the metalled minds,
  The wholsum herbes, the hautie pleasant trees,
The silver streams, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
  The bounded roares and fishes of the seas;
All these for teaching man the Lord did frame
To do his will whose glorie shines in thame.

J. R. S.

When I read this excellent sonnet, I almost fear that I have at the beginning of these desultory remarks too much undervalued the pretensions of JAMES to poetic merit.

Before quitting the subject of "His Majesties Poetical Exercises," I must not neglect to men-

tion that the copy now before me of this rare quarto has been most carefully perused by Ben Jonson; whose accurate pen has been employed to correct many of the errors in orthography, which are deprecated by the author in his preface already quoted. The title page has Jonson's name, with the motto which he was accustomed to inscribe on all his books.

"*Tanquam Explorator.*
BEN: JONSON."

It has been endeavoured to make the following reprint a perfect resemblance of the original. But as from its extreme rarity, it was necessary that the printer should depend entirely on a written copy of the volume (which was executed with unrivalled care and industry, by the editor's friend MR WEBER,) a few typographical inaccuracies may perhaps be found; which as they are of little or no importance in themselves, and do not at all affect the general appearance of the work, it is hoped the candid reader will treat with indulgence.

R. P. G.

ACROSTICHON.

I Nsigne Auctoris vetuit præfigere nomen
A uctoris cuncta pectus vacuum ambitione.
C uiûs præclaras laudes, heroica facta,
O mnigenasq; animi dotes, & pectora verè
B elligera, exornat cœlestis gratia Musæ.
V era ista omnino est virtus, virtuteq; maior
S ublimis regnat generoso in pectore Christus.
S cottia fortunata nimis, bona si tua nosses
EX imij vatis, plectrum qui pollice docto
T emperat, & Musas regalem inducit in aulam:
V icturus post fata diu: Nam fama superstes
S emper erit, semper florebit gloria vatis.

Pa. Ad. Ep. Sanct.

EIVSDEM AD LECTOREM

EPIGRAMMA.

SI quæras quis sit tam compti carminis auctor,
Auctorem audebis Musa negare tuum?
Ille quidem vetuit, cui te parere necesse est:
Quis tantum in Diuas obtinet imperium?
Cui parent Musæ, Phœbus quo vate superbit,
Et capiti demit laurea serta suo.
Cui lauri, & sceptri primi debentur honores,
Cui multa cingit laude tyara caput.
Quo duce spes certa est diuisis orbe Britannis,
Haud diuisa iterum regna futura duo.
Progenies Regum, Regnorumq; vnicus hæres,
Scilicet obscurus delituisse potest!

ANE QVADRAIN OF
ALEXANDRIN VERSE.

IMmortall Gods, ſen I with pen and Poets airt
So willingly hes ſervde you, though my ſkill be ſmall,
I pray then euerie one of you to help his pairt,
In graunting this my ſute, which after follow ſhall.

SONNET. 1.

FIRST *Ioue*, as greateſt God aboue the reſt,
Graunt thou to me a pairt of my deſyre:
That when in verſe of thee I wryte my beſt,
This onely thing I earneſtly requyre,
That thou my veine Poetique ſo inſpyre,
As they may ſuirlie think, all that it reid,
When I deſcryue thy might and thundring fyre,
That they do ſee thy ſelf in verie deid
From heauen thy greateſt *Thunders* for to leid,
And ſyne vpon the *Gyants* heads to fall:
Or cumming to thy *Semele* with ſpeid
In *Thunders* leaſt, at her requeſt and call:
Or throwing *Phaethon* downe from heauen to eard,
With threatning thunders, making mōſtrous reard.

SONNET. 2.

APollo nixt, aſſiſt me in a parte,
Sen vnto *Ioue* thou ſecound art in might,
That when I do deſcryue thy ſhyning Carte,
The Readers may eſteme it in their ſight.
And graunt me als, thou worlds ô onely light,
That when I lyke for ſubiect to deuyſe
To wryte, how as before thy countenaunce bright
The yeares do ſtand, with ſeaſons dowble twyſe,
That ſo I may deſcryue the verie guyſe
Thus by thy help, of yeares wherein we liue:
As Readers ſyne may ſay, heir ſurely lyes,
Of ſeaſons fowre, the glaſſe and picture viue.
Grant als, that ſo I may my verſes warpe,
As thou may play them ſyne vpon thy Harpe.

SONNET. 3.

AND firſt, ô P*hœbus*, when I do deſcriue
The S*pringtyme* ſproutar of the herbes and flowris,
Whomewith in rank none of the foure do ſtriue,
But neareſt thee do ſtande all tymes and howris:
Graunt Readers may eſteme, they ſie the ſhowris,
Whoſe balmie dropps ſo ſoftlie dois diſtell,
Which watrie cloudds in meſure ſuche downe powris,
As makis the herbis, and verie earth to ſmell
With ſauours ſweit, fra tyme that onis thy ſell
The vapouris ſoftlie ſowkis with ſmyling cheare,
VVhilks ſyne in cloudds are keiped cloſs and well,
VVhill vehement W*inter* come in tyme of yeare.
Graunt, when I lyke the *Springtyme* to diſplaye,
That Readers think they ſie the Spring alwaye.

SONNET. 4.

AND graunt I may ſo viuely put in verſe
The *Sommer*, when I lyke theirof to treat:
As when in writ I do theirof reherse,
Let Readers think they fele the burning heat,
And graithly ſee the earth, for lacke of weit,
With withering drouth and Sunne ſo gaigged all,
As for the graſſe on feild, the duſt in ſtreit
Doth ryſe and flee aloft, long or it fall.
Yea, let them think, they heare the ſong and call,
Which *Floras* wingde muſicians maks to ſound.
And that to taſte, and ſmell, beleue they ſhall
Delicious fruictis, whilks in that tyme abound.
And ſhortly, all their ſenſes ſo bereaued,
As eyes and earis, and all may be deceaued.

SONNET 5.

OR when I lyke my pen for to imploy
Of fertile *Harvest* in the description trew:
Let Readers think, they instantly conuoy
The busie shearers for to reap their dew,
By cutting rypest cornes with hookes anew:
Which cornes their heauy heads did dounward bow,
Els seking earth againe, from whence they grew,
And vnto *Ceres* do their seruice vow.
Let Readers also surely think and trow,
They see the painfull *Vigneron* pull the grapes:
First tramping them, and after pressing now
The greenest clusters gathered into heapes.
Let then the *Harvest* so viue to them appeare,
As if they saw both cornes and clustersneare.

SONNET. 6.

BVT let them think, in verie deid theyfeill,
When as I do the *VVinters* ſtormes vnfolde,
The bitter froſts, which waters dois congeill
In *VVinter* ſeaſon, by a pearſing colde.
And that they heare the whiddering *Boreas* bolde,
With hiddeous hurling, rolling Rocks from hie.
Or let them think, they ſee god *Saturne* olde,
Whoſe hoarie haire owercouering earth, maks flie
The lytle birds in flocks, fra tyme they see
The earth and all with ſtormes of snow owercled:
Yea let them think, they heare the birds that die,
Make piteous mone, that *Saturnes* hairis are ſpred.
Apollo, graunt thir foirſaid ſuitis of myne,
All ſyue I ſay, that thou may crowne me ſyne.

SONNET. 7.

AND when I do deſcriue the *Oceans* force,
Graunt ſyne, ô N*eptune*, god of ſeas profound,
That readars think on leebord, and on dworce,
And how the Seas owerflowed this maſſiue round:
Yea, let them think, they heare a ſtormy ſound,
Which threatnis wind, and darknes come at hand:
And water in their ſhipps ſyne to abound,
By weltring waues, like hyeſt towres on land.
Then let them think their ſhipp now low on ſand,
Now climmes & ſkippes to top of rageing ſeas,
Now downe to hell, when ſhippmen may not ſtand,
But lifts their hands to pray thee for ſome eas.
Syne let them think thy *Trident* doth it calme,
Which makes it cleare and ſmothe lyke glas or alme.

SONNET. 8.

AND graunt the lyke when as the ſwimming ſort
Of all thy ſubjects ſkaled I liſt declare:
As *Triton* monſter with a manly port,
Who drownd the *Troyan* trumpetour moſt raire:
As M*armaids* wyſe, who wepis in wether faire:
And marvelous M*onkis*, I meane M*onkis* of the ſee.
Bot what of monſters, when I looke and ſtaire
On wounderous heapes of ſubiectis ſeruing the?
As whailes ſo huge, and S*ea eylis* rare, that be
Myle longs, in crawling cruikis of ſixtie pace:
And *Daulphins*, S*eahorſe*, S*elchs* with oxin ee,
And M*erſwvynis*, *Pertrikis* als of fiſhes race.
In ſhort, no fowle doth flie, nor beaſt doth go,
But thow haſt fiſhes lyke to them and mo.

SONNET. 9.

O Dreidfull *Pluto*, brother thrid to *Ioue*,
With *Proſerpin*, thy wife, the quene of hell:
My ſute to you is, when I like to loaue
The ioyes that do in *Eliſe* field excell:
Or when I like great Tragedies to tell:
Or flyte, or murne my *fate*: or wryte with feare
The plagues ye do ſend furth with *Diræ* fell.
Let Readers think, that both they ſee and heare
Alecto, threatning *Turnus* ſiſter deare:
And heare *Celænos* wings, with *Harpyes* all:
And ſee dog *Cerberus* rage with hiddeous beare,
And all that did *AEneas* once befall.
When as he paſt throw all thoſe dongeons dim,
The foreſaid feilds ſyne viſited by him.

SONNET. 10.

O Furious *Mars*, thow warlyke ſouldiour bold,
And hardy P*allas*, goddeſs ſtout and graue:
Let Reidars think, when combats manyfold
I do deſcriue, they ſee two champions braue,
With armies huge approaching to reſaue
Thy will, with cloudds of duſt into the air.
Syne Phifers, Drūmes, and Trumpets cleir do craue
The pelmell chok with larum loude alwhair,
Then nothing hard but gunnis, and ratling ſair
Of ſpeares, and clincking ſwords with glaunce ſo cleir,
As if they foght in ſkyes, then wrangles thair
Men killd, vnkilld, whill *Parcas* breath reteir.
There lyes the venquiſht wailing ſore his chaunce:
Here lyes the victor, rewing els the daunce.

SONNET. 11.

AND at your handis I earneſtly do craue,
O facound *Mercure*, with the *Muſes* nyne,
That for conducting guyde I may you haue,
Aſwell vnto my pen, as my Ingyne.
Let Readars think, thy eloquence deuyne
O *Mercure*, in my Poems doth appeare:
And that *Parnaſſis* flowing fountaine fyne
Into my works doth ſhyne lyke criſtall cleare.
O *Muſes*, let them thinke that they do heare
Your voyces all into my verſe reſound.
And that your vertewis ſinguler and ſeir
May wholly all in them be alſo found.
Of all that may the perfyte Poems make,
I pray you let my verſes haue no lake.

SONNET. 12.

IN ſhort, you all forenamed gods I pray
For to concur with one accord and will,
That all my works may perfyte be alway:
Which if ye doe, then ſweare I for to fill
My works immortall with your praiſes ſtill:
I ſhall your names eternall euer ſing,
I ſhall tread downe the graſſe on *Parnaſs* hill
By making with your names the world to ring:
I ſhall your names from all obliuion bring.
I lofty *Virgill* ſhall to life reſtoir,
My subiects all ſhalbe of heauenly thing,
How to delate the gods immortals gloir.
Eſſay me once, and if ye find me ſwerue,
Then thinke, I do not graces ſuch deſerue.

FINIS.

C.

* *THE VRANIE*

translated.

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* *To the fauorable*

Reader.

Auing oft reuolued, and red ouer (fauorable Reader) the booke and Poems of the deuine and Illuſter Poëte, *Saluſt du Bartas*, I was moued by the oft reading & peruſing of them, with a reſtles and lofty deſire, to preas to attaine to the like vertue. But ſen (alas) God, by nature hathe refuſed me the like lofty and quick ingyne, and that my dull *Muſe*, age and Fortune, had refuſed me the lyke ſkill and learning, I was conſtrained to haue refuge to the ſecound, which was, to doe what lay in me, to ſet forth his praiſe, ſen I could not merite the lyke my ſelf. Which I thought, I could not do ſo well, as by publiſhing ſome worke of his, to this yle of *Brittain* (ſwarming full of quick ingynes,) aſwell as they ar made manifeſt already to France. But knowing my ſelf to vnſkilfull and groſſe, to trāſlate any of his heauenly & learned works, I almoſt left it of, and was aſhamed of that opinion alſo. Whill at the laſt, preferring foolehardines and a good intention, to an vtter diſpaire and ſleuth, I reſolued vnaduyſedly to aſſay the tranſlating in my language of the eaſieſt and

ſhorteſt of all his difficile, and prolixed Poems: to wit, the *Vranie* or heauenlye Muſe, which, albeit it be not well tranſlated, yet hope I, ye will excuſe me (fauorable Reader) ſen I neither ordained it, nor auowes it for a iuſt tranſlation: but onely ſet it forth, to the end, that, albeit the Prouerb ſaith, that foolehardines proceeds of ignoraunce, yet ſome quick ſprited man of this yle, borne vnder the ſame, or as happie a Planet, as *Du Bartas* was, might by the reading of it, bee moued to tranſlate it well, and beſt, where I haue bothe euill, and worſt broyled it.

For that cauſe, I haue put in, the French on one ſide of the leif, and my blocking on the other: noght thereby to giue proofe of my iuſt tranſlating, but by the contrair, to let appeare more plainly to the foreſaid reader, wherin I haue erred, to the effect, that with leſſe difficulty he may eſcape thoſe ſnares wherin I haue fallen. I muſt alſo deſire you to bear with it, albeit it be replete with innumerable and intolerable faultes: ſic as, Ryming in tearmes, and dyuers others, whilkis ar forbidden in my owne treatiſe of the Art of Poeſie in the hinder end of this booke, I muſt, I ſay, praye you to appardone mee, for three cauſes. Firſt, because that tranſlations are limitat, and reſtrained in ſome things, more then free inuentions are, Therefore reaſoun would, that it had more libertie in others. Secoundlie, becauſe I made noght my treatiſe of that intention, that eyther I, or any others behoued aſtricktly to follow

follow it: but that onely it ſhould ſhew the perfection of Poëſie, wherevnto fewe or none can attaine. Thirdlye, becauſe, that (as I ſhewe alreadye) I auow it not for a iuſt tranſlation. Beſydes that I haue but ten feete in my lyne, where he hath twelue, and yet tranſlates him lyne by lyne. Thus not doubting, fauorable Reader, but you will accept my intention and trauellis in good parte, (ſen I requyre no farder,) I bid you faire well.

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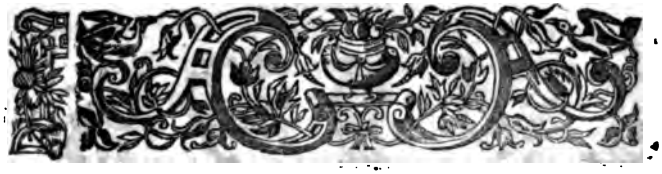
L'VRANIE, OV MVSE

CELESTE.

IE n'estoy point encor en l'Auril de mon aage,
Qu'vn desir d'affranchir mon renom du trespas,
Chagrin me faisoit perdre & repos, & repas,
Par le braue proiet de maint sçauant ouurage.
Mais comme vn pelerin, qui sur le tard, rencontre
Vn fourchu carrefour, douteux, s'arreste court :
Et d'esprit, non des pieds, de cà de là discourt,
Par les diuers chemins, que la Lune luy monstre.
Parmi tant des sentiers qui, fleuris, se vont rendre
Sur le mont, ou Phœbus guerdonne les beaux vers
De l'honneur immortel des lauriers tout-iour verds,
Je demeuroy confus, ne sçachant lequel prendre.
Tantost i'entreprenoy d'orner la Grecque Scene
D'vn vestement Francois. Tantost dvn vers plus haut
Hardi, i'ensanglantoy le François eschafaut
Des Tyrans d'Ilion, de Thebes, de Mycene.
Je consacroy tantost à l' Aonide bande
L'Histoire des Francois : & ma saincte fureur
Desmentant à bon droit la trop commune erreur,
Faisoit le Mein Gaulois, non la Seine Alemande.
Tantost ie desseignoy dvne plume flateuse
Le los non merité des Rois & grands Seigneurs :

Et



THE VRANIE, OR HEAVENLY MVSE.

SCarce was I yet in ſpringtyme of my years,
When greening great for fame aboue my pears
Did make me loſe my wonted chere and reſt,
Eſſaying learned works with curious breſt.
But as the *Pilgrim*, who for lack of light,
Cumd on the parting of two wayes at night,
He ſtayes aſſone, and in his mynde doeth caſt,
What way to take while Moonlight yet doth laſt.
So I amongſt the paths vpon that hill,
Where *Phœbus* crownes all verſes euer ſtill
Of endles praiſe, with *Laurers* euer grene,
Did ſtay confuſde, in doubt what way to mene.
I whyles eſſaide the *Grece* in Frenche to praiſe
Whyles in that toung I gaue a luſty glaiſe
For to deſcryue the *Troian* Kings of olde,
And them that *Thebes* and *Mycens* crowns did holde.
And whiles I had the ſtorye of Fraunce elected,
Which to the Muſes I ſhould have directed:
My holy furie with conſent of nane,
Made frenche the *Mein*, and nowyſe dutche the *Sein*.
Whiles thought I to ſet foorth with flattering pen:
The praiſe vntrewe of Kings and noble men,

Et pour me voir bien toſt riche d'or, & d'honneurs,
D'vn cœur bas ie rendoy mercenaire ma Muſe.
Et tandis ie vouloy chanter le fils volage
De la molle Cypris, & le mal doux-amer,
Que les plus beaux eſprits ſouffient pour trop aimer,
Diſcours, où me pouſſoit ma nature, & mon aage.
Or tandis qu' inconſtant ie ne me puis reſoudre,
De çà, de là pouché d'vn vent ambitieux,
Vne ſainte beauté ſe preſente à mes yeux,
Fille, comme ie croy, du grand Dieu lance-foudre.
Sa face eſt angelique, angelique ſon geſte,
Son diſcours tout diuin, & tout parfait ſon corps :
Et ſa bouche à neuf-voix imite en ſes accords
Le ſon harmonieux de la dance celeſte.
Son chef eſt honoré d'vne riche couronne
Faite à ſept plis, gliſſans d'vn diuers mouuement,
Sur chacun de ſes plis ſe tourne obliquement
Je ne ſçay quel rondeau, que ſur nos chefs raionne.
Le premier eſt de plomb, & d' eſtain le deuxieſme,
Le troiſieſme d acier, le quart d or iauniſſant,
Le quint eſt compoſé d electre palliſſant,
Le ſuyuant de Mercure, & d argent le ſeptieſme.
Son corps eſt affublé d vne mante azureé,
Semée haut & bas dvn million de feux,
Qui d vn bel art ſans art diſtinctement confus,
Decorent de leurs rais ceſte beauté ſacrée.
Icy leut le grand Char, icy flambe la Lyre,
Icy la Pouſſiniere, icy les clairs Beſſons,

And that I might both golde and honours haue,
With courage baſſe I made my Muſe a ſlaue.
And whyles I thought to ſing the fickle boy
Of *Cypris* ſoft, and loues to-ſwete anoy,
To lofty ſprits that are therewith made blynd,
To which diſcours my nature and age inclynd.
But whill I was in doubt what way to go,
With wind ambitious toſſed to and fro :
A holy beuty did to mee appeare,
The *Thundrers* daughter ſeeming as ſhe weare.
Her porte was Angellike with Angels face,
With comely ſhape and toung of heauenly grace :
Her nynevoced mouth reſembled into ſound
The daunce harmonious making heauen reſound.
Her head was honorde with a coſtly crown,
Seuinfolde and rounde, to dyuers motions boun :
On euery folde I know not what doth glance,
Aboue our heads into a circuler dance.
The firſt it is of Lead, of Tin the nixt, — The ſeuin Planets.
The third of Stele, the fourth of Golde vnmixt,
The fyfth is made of pale Electre light,
The ſixt of Mercure, ſeuint of Siluer bright.
Her corps is couured with an Aſure gowne, — Firmamēt
Where thouſand fires ar ſowne both vp and downe : — Fixed Starres.
Whilks with an arte, but arte, confuſde in order,
Dois with their beames decore thereof the border.
Heir ſhynes the Charlewain, there the Harp giues light,
And heir the Seamans ſtarres, and there Twinnis bright,

Icy le Trebuſchet, icy les deux Poiſſons,
Et mille autres brandons que ie ne puis deſcrire.
Je ſuis [*dit elle alors*] *ceſte docte* VRANIE,
Qui ſur les gonds aſtrez tranſporte les humains,
Faiſant voir á leurs yeux, & toucher à leurs mains,
Ce que la Cour celeſte & contemple & manie.
Je quinte-eſſence l ame : & fay que le Poete
Se *ſurmontant ſoy mesme, enfonce vn haut diſcours,*
Qui, diuin, par loreille attire les plus ſourds,
Anime les rochers & les fleuues arreſte.
Agreable eſt le ſon de mes doctes germaines :
Mais *leur goſier, qui peut terre & ciel enchanter,*
Ne *me cede pas mains en l art de bien chanter,*
Qu'au Roſſignol *l'* Oiſon, *les* Pies *aux* Syrenes.
Pren *moy donques pour guide : eſleue au ciel ton aiſle*
Saluſte, *chante moy du Tout-puiſſant l honneur,*
Et remontant le luth du Jeſſean ſonneur,
Courageux, *broſſe apres la couronne eternelle.*
Je ne puis d vn œil ſec, voir mes ſœurs maquerelles,
Des amoreux Francois, dont les mignards eſcrits
Sont *pleins de feints ſouſpirs, de feints pleurs, de feints cris,*
D' impudiques diſcours, & de vaines querelles.
Je ne puis d vn œil ſec voir que l on mette en vente
Nos diuines chanſons : & que d vn flateur vers,
Pour *gaigner la faueur des Princes plus peruers,*
Vn Commode, *vn* Neron, *vn* Caligule *on vante.*
Mais, ſur tout, ie ne puis ſans ſouſpirs & ſans larmes
Voir les vers employez contre l autheur des vers :

Ie

And heir the Ballance, there the Fiſhes twaine,
With thouſand other fyres that pas my braine.
I am ſaid ſhe, that learned VRANIE,
That to the Starres tranſports humanitie,
And maks men ſee and twiche with hands and ene
It that the heauenly court contempling bene.
I quint-effence the Poets ſoule ſo well,
While he in high diſcours excede him ſell,
Who by the eare the deafeſt doeth allure,
Reuiues the rocks, and ſtayes the floods for ſure.
The tone is pleaſaunt of my * ſiſters deir : Nyne
Yet though their throts make heauen and earth admire, Muſes.
They yeld to me no leſſe in ſinging well,
Then Pye to Syraine, gooſe to Nightingell.
Take me for guyde, lyft vp to heauen thy wing
O *Saluſt*, Gods immortals honour ſing :
And bending higher *Dauids* Lute in tone,
With courage ſeke yon endles crowne abone.
I no wais can, vnwet my cheekes, beholde
My ſiſters made by Frenchemen macquerels olde,
Whoſe mignarde writts, but faynd lamenting vaine,
And fayned teares and ſhameles tales retaine.
But weping neither can I ſee them ſpyte
Our heauenly verſe, when they do nothing wryte,
But Princes flattry that ar tyrants rather
Then N*ero*, *Commode*, or C*aligule* ather.
But ſpecially but ſobbes I neuer ſhall
Se verſe beſtowd gainſt him made verses all,

I can

Je ne puis voir battu le Roy de l'vniuers
De ses propres soldats, & de ses propres armes.
L' homme a les yeux sillez de nuits Cimmeriennes
Et s' il a quelque bien, tant soit peu precieux,
Par differentes mains il l a receu des cieux :
Mais Dieu seul nous apprend les chansons Delphiennes.
Tout art s' apprend par art : la seule Poesie
Est vn pur don celeste : & nul ne peut gouster
Le miel, que nous faisons de Pinde degoutter
S'il n' a d' vn sacré feu la poitrine saisie.
De ceste source vient, que maints grands personnages
Consommez en sçauoir, voire en prose diserts,
Se trauaillent en vain á composerdes vers :
Et qu'vn ieune apprenti fait de plus beaux ouurages.
De là vient que iadis le chantre Meonide,
Combien que mendiant, & sans maistre, & sans yeux,
A vaincu par ses vers les nouueaux, & les vieux,
Chantant si bien Vlysse, & le preux Aeacide.
De là vient qu'vn Nason ne peut parler en prose,
De là vient que Dauid mes chants si tost aprit,
De pasteur fait Poëte, & que maint ieune esprit
Ne sçachant point nostre art, suyuant nostre art compose.
Recherche nuict & iour les ondes Castalides :
Regrimpe nuict & iour contre le roc Besson :
Soit disciple d' Homere, & du sainct nourrisson
D' Ande, l' heureux seiour des vierges Pierides.
Lis tant que tu voudras, volume apres volume,
Les liures de Pergame, & de la grande cité,

Qui

I can not ſee his proper ſoldiers ding
With his owne armes him that of all is King.
Mans eyes are blinded with C*immerien* night:
And haue he any good, beit neuer ſo light,
From heauen, by mediat moyens, he it reaches,
Bot only God the *Delphiens* ſongs vs teaches
All art is learned by art, this art alone
It is a heauenly gift: no fleſh nor bone
Can preif the hounie we from P*inde* diſtill,
Except with holy fyre his breeſt we fill.
From that ſpring flowes, that men of ſpeciall chose,
Conſumde in learning, and perfyte in proſe,
For to make verſe in vaine dois trauell take,
When as a prentiſe fairer works will make.
That made that *Homer*, who a ſongſter bene,
Albeit a begger, lacking maſter, and ene,
Exceded in his verſe both new and olde,
In ſinging *Vliſs* and *Achilles* bolde.
That made that N*aſo* noght could ſpeak but verſe,
That *Dauid* made my ſongs ſo ſoon reherſe,
Of paſtor Poët made. yea yongmen whyles
Vnknowing our art, yet by our art compyles.
Seke night and day C*aſtalias* waltring waas,
Climme day and night the twinrocks of *Parnaas*:
Be *Homers* ſkoller, and his, was borne in *Ande*, *Virgill*
The happie dwelling place of all our bande.
How oft thou lykes reid ouer booke efter booke,
The bookes of *Troy*, and of that towne which tooke

Qui du nom d'Alexandre a ſon nom emprunté :
Exerce inceſſamment & ta langue, & ta plume.
Join tant que tu voudras, pour vn carme bien faire
L' obſcure nuitt au iour, & le iour â la nuict,
Si ne pourras tu point cueillir vn digne fruit
D'vn ſi faſcheux trauail, ſi Pallas t' eſt contraire.
Car du tout hors de l homme il fault que l homme ſorte,
Sil veut faire des vers qui facent teſte aux ans :
Il fault qu entre nos mains il ſequeſtre ſes ſens :
Il fault qu vn ſaint ecſtaſe au plus haut ciel l'emporte.
D autant que tout ainſi que la fureur humaine
Rend l homme moins qu humain : la diuine fureur
Rend l homme plus grand qu hõme : & d vne ſaincte erreur
Sur le ciel porte-feux à ſon gré le promeine.
Ceſt d vn ſi ſacré lieu que les diuins poëtes
Nous apportent ça bas de ſi doctes propos,
Et des vers non ſuiets au pouuoir d Atropos,
Truchemens de Nature, & du Ciel interpretes.
Les vrais Poëtes ſont tels que la cornemuſe,
Qui pleine de vent ſonne, & vuide perd le ſon :
Car leur fureur durant, dure auſſi leur chanſon :
Et ſi la fureur ceſſe, auſſi ceſſe leur Muſe.
Puis dõques que les vers ont au ciel pris naiſſance,
Eſprits vrayment diuins, aurez vous bien le cœur
De prononcer vn vers & profane, & moqueur
Contre cil, qui conduit des cieux aſtreux la danſe ?
Serez vous tant ingrats, que de rendre vos plumes
Miniſtres de la chair, & ſerues de peché ?

Tout

Her name from *Alexander* Monark then, Alexãdria.
Exerce but ceaſe thy toung and eke thy pen.
Yea, if to make good verſe thou hes ſic cure,
Joyne night to day, and day to night obſcure,
Yet ſhall thou not the worthy frute reape ſo
Of all thy paines, if *Pallas* be thy ſo.
For man from man muſt wholly parted be.
If with his age, his verſe do well agree.
Amongſt our hands, he muſt his witts reſing,
A holy trance to higheſt heauen him bring.
For euen as humane fury maks the man,
Les then the man: So heauenly fury can
Make man pas man, and wander in holy miſt,
Vpon the fyrie heauen to walk at liſt.
Within that place the heauenly Poëts ſought
Their learning, ſyne to vs heare downe it brought,
With verſe that ought to *Atropos* no dewe
Dame *Naturs* trunchmen, heauens interprets trewe.
For Poets right are lyke the pype alway,
Who full doth ſound, and empty ſtayes to play:
Euen ſo their fury laſting, laſts their tone,
Their fury ceaſt, their Muſe doth ſtay affone.
Since verſe did then in heauen firſt bud and blume,
If ye be heauenly, how dar ye preſume
A verſe prophane, and mocking for to ſing
Gainſt him that leads of ſtarrie heauens the ring?
Will ye then ſo ingrately make your pen,
A ſlaue to ſinne, and ſerue but fleſhly men?

Tout-iour donques ſera voſtre ſtyle empeſché
A remplir, menſongers, des ſonges vos volumes.
Ferez vous, ô trõpeurs, tout-iour d'vn diable vn ange ?
Fendrez vous tout-iour l'air de vos amoureux cris ?
Hé ! n'orra on iamais dans vos doctes eſcrits
Retentir haut & clair du grand Dieu la louange ?
Ne vous ſuffit il pas de ſentir dans voſtre ame
Le Cyprien brandon, ſans que plus effrontez
Qu'une Lays publique, encore vous euentez
Par le monde abuſé voſtre impudique flãme ?
Ne vous ſuffit il pas de croupir en delices,
Sans que vous corrompiez, par vos nombres charmeurs,
Du lecteur indiſcret les peu conſtantes mœurs,
Luy faiſant embraſſer pour les vertus les vices ?
Les tons, nombres, & chants, dont ſe fait l'harmonie,
Qui rend le vers ſi beau, ont ſur nous tel pouuoir,
Que les plus durs Catons ils peuuent eſmouuoir,
Agitant nos eſprits d'vne douce manie.
Ainſi que le cachet dedans la cire forme
Preſque vn autre cachet, le Poete ſçauant,
Va ſi bien dans nos cœurs ſes paſſions grauant,
Que preſque l'auditeur en l'auteur ſe tranſforme.
Car la force des vers, qui ſecrettement gliſſe,
Par des ſecrets conduits, dans nos entendemens,
Y empreint tous les bons & mauuais mouuemens,
Qui ſont repreſentez par vn docte artifice.
Et c'eſt pourquoy Platon hors de ſa Republique
Chaſſoit les eſcriuains, qui ſouloient par leurs vers.

Rendre

Shall ſtill your brains be buſied then to fill
With dreames, ô dreamers, euery booke and bill?
Shall Satan ſtill be God for your behoue?
Still will ye riue the air with cryes of loue?
And ſhall there neuer into your works appeare
The praiſe of God, reſounding loud and cleare?
Suffiſis it noght ye feele into your hairt
The *Ciprian* torche, vnles more malapairt
Then *Lais* commoun quean, ye blow abrod
But ſhame, athort the world, your ſhameles god?
Abuſers, ſtaikes it not to lurk in luſt,
Without ye ſmit with charming nombers iuſt
The fickle maners of the reader ſlight,
In making him embrace, for day, the night?
The harmony of nomber tone and ſong,
That makes the verſe ſo fair, it is ſo ſtrong
Ouer vs, as hardeſt C*atos* it will moue,
With ſpreits aflought, and ſweete tranſported loue.
For as into the wax the ſeals imprent
Is lyke a ſeale, euen ſo the Poët gent,
Doeth graue ſo viue in vs his paſſions ſtrange,
As maks the reader, halfe in author change.
For verſes force is ſic, that ſoftly ſlydes
Throw ſecret poris, and in our ſences bydes,
As makes them haue both good and euill imprented,
Which by the learned works is repreſented.
And therefore *Platos* common wealth did pack
None of theſe Poëts, who by verſe did make

Rendre meschans les bons, plus peruers les peruers,
Sapans par leurs beaux mots l'honnesteté publique.
Nō ceux qui dans leurs chāts marioient les beaux termes
Auec les beaux suiets : ore entonnans le los
Du iuste foudroyeur : ore d'vn saint propos,
Seruans aux desuoyez & de guides & d' Hermes.
Profanes esriuains, vostre impudique rime,
Est cause, que l'on met nos chantres mieux-disans
Au rang des basteleurs, des boufons, des plaisans :
Et qu'encore moins qu'eux le peuple les estime.
Vos faites de Clion vne Thais impure :
D' Heloicon vn bordeau : vous faites impudens,
Par vos lascifs discours, que les peres prudens
Deffendent â leurs fils des carmes la lecture.
Mais si foulans aux pieds la deité volage,
Qui blece de ces traits vos idolatres cœurs,
Vous vouliez employer vos plus sainctes fureurs
A faire voir en France vn sacré-sainct ouurage.
Chacun vous priseroit, comme estant secretaires,
Et ministres sacrez du Roy de l' vniuers.
Chacun reuereroit comme oracles vos vers :
Et les grands commettroient en vos mains leurs affaires.
La liaison des vers futiadis inuentee
Seulement pour traitter les mysteres sacrez
Auec plus de respect : & de long temps apres
Par les carmes ne fut autre chose chantee.
Ainsi mon grand Dauid sur la corde tremblante
De son luth tout-diuin ne sonne rien que Dieu.

Ainsi

The goodmen euill, and the wicked worſe,
Whoſe pleaſaunt words betraied the publick corſe.
Not thoſe that in their ſongs good tearmes alwaiſe
Joyned with fair Themis: whyles thūdring out the praiſe
Of God, iuſt Thundrer: whyles with holy ſpeache,
Lyke *Hermes* did the way to ſtrangers teache.
Your ſhameles rymes, are cauſe, ô Scrybes prophane,
That in the lyke opinion we remaine
With Juglers, buffons, and that fooliſh ſeames:
Yea les then them, the people of vs eſteames.
For *Clio* you put *Thais* vyle in vre,
For *Helicon* a bordell. Ye procure
By your lascivious ſpeache, that fathers ſage
Defends verſe reading to their yonger age.
But lightleing * yon fleing godhead flight, Cupide
Who in Idolatrous breaſts his darts hath pight.
If that he would imploy your holy traunce,
To make a holy hallowde work in Fraunce:
Then euery one wolde worthy ſcribes you call,
And holy ſeruants to the King of all.
Echone your verſe for oracles wolde take,
And great men of their counſell wolde you make.
The verſes knitting was found out and tryit,
For ſinging only holy myſteries by it
With greater grace. And eſter that, were pend
Longtyme no verſe, but for that only end.
Euen ſo my *Dauid* on the trembling ſtrings
Of heauenly harps, Gods only praiſe he ſings.

Ainſi le conducteur de l'exercite Hebrieu,
Sauué des rouges flots, le los du grand Dieu chante.
Ainſi Judith, Delbore, au milieu des genſd'armes,
Ainſi Job, Jeremie, accablez de douleurs,
D vn carme bigarré des cent mille couleurs
Deſcriuoient ſaintement leurs ioyes, & leurs larmes.
Voyla pourquoy Satan, qui ſin ſe tranſſigure
En Ange de clarté pour nous enſorceler,
Ses preſtres & ſes dieux faiſoit iadis parler
Non d vne libre language, ains par nombre, & meſure.
Ainſi, ſous Apollon la folle Phœmonoe
En hexametres vers ſes oracles chantoit :
Et par douteux propos, cauteleuſe affrontoit
Non le Grec ſeulement, ains l' Ibere, & l' Eoe.
Ainſi l'antique voix en Dodone adorée,
Aeſculape & Ammon en vers prophetizoient,
Les Sibylles en vers le futur prediſoient,
Et les preſtres prioient en oraiſon nombrée.
Ainſi Line, Heſiode et celuy dont la lyre
Oreilloit, comme on dit, les rocs, & les foreſts,
Oſerent autrefois les plus diuins ſecrets
De leur profond ſçauoir en doctes vers eſcrire.
Vouz qui tant deſirez vos fronts de laurier ceindre,
Où pourriez vous trouuer vn champ plus ſpacieux,
Que le los de celuy qui tient le frein des cieux,
Qui fait trembler les monts, qui fait l'Erebe craindre ?
Ce ſuiet eſt de vray la Corne d'abondance,
C'eſt vn grand magazin riche en diſcours faconds,

C'*eſt*

Euen ſo the leader of the *Hebrew* hoſte,
Gods praiſe did ſing vpon the Redſea coſte.
So *Judith* and *Delbor* in the ſoldiers throngs,
So *Job* and *Jeremie*, preaſt with woes and wrongs,
Did right deſcryue the ioyes, their woes and torts,
In variant verſe of hundred thouſand ſorts.
And therefore crafty Sathan, who can ſeame
An Angell of light, to witch vs in our dreame,
He cauſde his gods and preeſts of olde to ſpeake
By nomber and meaſure, which they durſt not breake.
So fond P*hœmonoë* vnder *Apollos* wing,
Her oracles *Hexameter* did ſing:
With doubtſum talke ſhe craftely begylde,
Not only *Grece*, but *Spaine* and *Indes* ſhe ſylde.
That olde voce ſerude in *Dodon*, ſpak in verſe
So *AEſculap* did, and ſo did *Ammon* fearſe,
So *Sybills* tolde in verſe, what was to come:
The Preeſts did pray by nombers, all and ſome.
So *Heſiod*, *Line*, and he * whoſe Lute they ſay, Orpheus
Made rocks and forreſts come to hear him play,
Durſt well their heauenly ſecrets all diſcloes,
In learned verſe, that ſoftly ſlydes and goes.
O ye that wolde your brows with *Laurel* bind,
What larger feild I pray you can you find,
Then is his praiſe, who brydles heauens moſt cleare,
Maks mountaines tremble, and howeſt hells to feare?
That is a horne of plenty well repleat:
That is a ſtorehouse riche, a learning ſeat.

C'est vn grand Ocean, qui n'a riue, ny fonds,
Vn surjon immortel de diuine eloquence.
L' humble suiet ne peut qu humble discours produire :
Mais le graue suiet de soymesme produit
Graues & mastes mots : de soymesmes il luit,
Et fait le sainct honneur de son chantre reluire.
Or donc si vous voulez apres vos cendres viure,
N'imitez Erostrat, qui pour viure, brusla
Le temple Ephesien : ou celuy qui moula,
Pour estendre son nom, vn cruel veau de cuiure.
Ne vueillez employer vostre rare artifice
A chanter la Cyprine, & son fils emplumé :
Car il vaut beaucoup mieux n' estre point renommé,
Que se voir renommé pour raison de son vice.
Vierges sont les neuf sœurs, qui dancent sur Parnasse,
Vierge vostre Pallas : & vierge ce beau corps
Qu'vn fleuue vit changer sur les humides bords,
En l' arbre tout-iour vert, qui vos cheueux enlace.
Consacrez moy plustost ceste rare eloquence
A chanter hautement les miracles compris
Dans le sacré fueillet : & de vos beaux esprits
Versez là, mes amis, toute la quinte-essence.
Que Christ, comme Homme-Dieu, soit la croupe iumelle
Sur qui vous sommeillez. Que pour cheual aité
L Esprit du Trois-fois grand, d vn blanc pigeon voité,
Vous face ruisseter vne source immortelle.
Tout ouurage excellent la memoire eternize
De ceux qui tant soit peu trauaillent apres luy :

Le

An Ocean hudge, both lacking ſhore and ground,
Of heauenly eloquence a ſpring profound.
From ſubiects baſe, a baſe diſcours dois ſpring,
A lofty ſubiect of it ſelfe doeth bring
Graue words and weghtie, of it ſelfe diuine,
And makes the authors holy honour ſhine.
If ye wolde after aſhes liue, bewaire,
To do like *Eroſtrat*, who brunt the faire
Epheſian temple, or him, to win a name,
* Who built of braſſe, the crewell Calfe vntame. Perillus
Let not your art ſo rare then be defylde,
In ſinging *Venus*, and her fethred chylde:
For better it is without renowme to be,
Then be renowmde for vyle iniquitie.
Thoſe nyne are Maides, that daunce vpon P*arnaas*:
Learnd *Pallas* is a Virgin pure, lyke as
* That fair, whom waters changed on wattry banks Daphne
Into * that tre ſtill grene, your hair that hanks. Laurell
Then conſecrat that eloquence moſt rair,
To ſing the lofty miracles and fair
Of holy Scripture: and of your good ingyne,
Pour out, my frends, there your ſift-eſſence fyne.
Let Chriſt both God and man your Twinrock be,
Whom on ye ſlepe: for that * hors who did fle, Pegasus
Speak of that * thryſe great ſpreit, whoſe dow moſt white Holy ghost.
Mote make your ſpring flow euer with delyte.
All excellent worke beare record euer ſhall,
Of trauellers in it, though their paines be ſmall.

F.

Le Mausolee a fait viure iusqu auiourd huy
Timothee, Bryace, & Scope, & Artemise.
Hiram seroit sans nom, sans la sainte assistance
Qu'il fit au bastiment du temple d' Israël.
Et sans l' Arche de Dieu l' Hebrieu Beseleel
Seroit enseueli sous eternel silence.
Et puis que la beauté de ces rares ouurages
Fait viure, apres la mort tous ceux qui les ont faits,
Combien qu auec le temps les plus seurs soient deffaits
Par rauines, par feux par guerres, par orages.
Pensez, ie vous suppli, combien sera plus belle
La louange, qu heureux, ça bas vous acquerrez,
Lors que dans vos saints vers DIEV *seul vous chanterez*
Puis qu vn nom immortel vient de chose immortelle.
Je sçay que vous direz que les antiques fables
Sont l' ame de vos chants, que ces contes diuers,
L' vn de l autre naissans, peuuent rendre vos vers
Beaucoup plus que l' histoire au vulgaire admirables.
Mais où peut on trouuer choses plus merueilleuses
Que celles de la Foy ? hé ! quel autre argument
Auec plus de tesmoins nostre raison desment,
Qui rabat plus l' orgueil des ames curieuses ?
I' aymeroy mieux chanter la tour Assyrienne,
Que les trois monts Gregeois l' vn dessus l' autre entez
Pour dethrosner du ciel les dieux espouuantez :
Et l' onde de Noé, que la Deucalienne.
I' aymeroy mieux chanter le changement subite
Du Monarque d' Assur, que de l' Arcadien,

Et

The *Mauſole* tombe the names did eterniſe
Of *Scope*, *Timotheus*, *Briace* and *Artemiſe*.
But *Hirams* holy help it war vnknowne
What he in building *Izraels* Temple had ſhowne,
Without Gods Ark *Beſeleel* Jewe had bene
In euerlaſting ſilence buried clene.
Then, ſince the bewty of thoſe works moſt rare
Hath after death made liue all them that ware
Their builders: though them ſelues with tyme be failde,
By ſpoils, by fyres, by warres, and tempeſts quailde.
I pray you think, how mekle fairer ſhall
Your happie name heirdowne be, when as all
Your holy verſe, great God alone ſhall ſing,
Since praiſe immortall commes of endles thing.
I know that ye will ſay, the auncient rables
Decores your ſongs, and that * thoſe dyuers fables, Metamorphosis
Ilk bred of other, doeth your verſes mak
More loued then ſtoryes by the vulgar pack.
But where can there more wondrous things be found,
Then thoſe of faith? ô fooles, what other ground,
With witnes mo, our reaſons quyte improues,
Beats doun our pryde, that curious queſtions moues?
I had farr rather *Babell* tower forthſett,
Then the * thre *Grecian* hills on others plett, Ossa, Pindus, and Olympus
To pull doun gods afraide, and in my moode,
Sing *Noës* rather then *Deucalions* floode.
I had far rather ſing the ſuddaine change
Of *Aſſurs* monark, then of *Arcas* ſtrange. Nabuchadnezer.

Et le viure second du saint Bethanien,
Que le recolement des membres d' Hippolite.
L'*vn de plaire au lecteur tânt seulement se mesle,*
Et l' autre seutement tasche de profiter :
Mais seul celuy là peut le laurier meriter,
Qui, sage, le profit auec le plaisir mesle.
Les plus beaux promenoirs sont pres de la marine,
Et le nager plus seur pres de riuages verds :
Et le sage Escriuain n'esloigne dans ses vers
Le sçauoir du plaisir, le ieu de la doctrine.
Vous tiendrez donc ce rang en chantant choses telles :
Car *enseignans autruy, vous mesmes apprendez*
La *reigle de bien viure : & bien-heureux, rendrez*
Autant que leurs suiets, vos chansons immortelles.
Laissez moy donc à part ces fables surannées :
Mes amis, laictez moy cest insolent Archer,
Qui les cœurs otieux peut seulement brescher,
Et plus ne soyent par vous les Muses *profanées.*
Mais las ! en vain ie crie, en vain, las ! ie m enroue :
Car l vn, pour ne se voir couuaincu par mon chant,
Va, comme vn fin aspic, son oreille bouchant :
L'autre Epicurien, de mes discours se ioue.
L' *autre pour quelque temps se range en mon eschole,*
Mais le monde enchanteur soudain le me soustrait,
Et ce discours sacré, qui les seuls bons attrait,
Entre par vne aureille, et par l autre s' envolle.
Las ! *ie n en voy pas vn qui ses deux yeux dessille*
Du bandeau de Venus, & d vn profane fiel.

De

Of the * *Bethaniens* holy ſecond liuing Lazarus
Then Hippolitts with members glewde reuiuing.
To pleaſe the reader is the ones whole cair,
The vther for to proffite mair and mair:
But only he of *Laurell* is conding,
Who wyſely can with proffit, pleaſure ming.
The faireſt walking on the Sea coaſt bene,
And ſuireſt ſwimming where the braes are grene:
So, wyſe is he, who in his verſe can haue
Skill mixt with pleaſure, ſports with doctrine graue.
In ſinging kepe this order ſhowen you heir,
Then ye your ſelf, in teaching men ſhall leir
The rule of liuing well, and happily ſhall
Your ſongs make, as your thems immortall all.
No more into thoſe oweryere lyes delyte,
My freinds, caſt of that inſolent archer quyte,
Who only may the ydle harts ſurpryſe:
Prophane no more the *Muſes* with yon cryes.
But oh! in vaine, with crying am I horce:
For lo, where one, noght caring my ſongs force,
Goes lyke a crafty ſnaik, and ſtoppes his eare:
The other godles, mocks and will not heare.
Ane other at my ſchoole abydes a ſpace,
While charming world withdrawe him frō that place:
So that diſcours, that maks good men reioſe,
At one eare enters, and at the other goes.
Alas, I ſe not one vnvaill his ene
From *Venus* vaill and gal prophane, that bene

De ses carmes dorez ne corrompe le miel :
Bien que de bons esprits nostre France fourmille.
Mais toy, mon cher mignon, que la Neufuaine saincte
Qui de Pegase boit le surjon perennel,
Fit le sacré sonneur du los de l' Eternel,
Mesme auant que de toy ta mere fust enceinte :
Bien que cest argument semble vne maigre lande,
Que les meilleurs esprits ont en friche laissé,
Ne sois pour l auenir de ce trauail lassé :
Car plus la gloire est rare, & tant plus elle est grande.
SALVSTE, ne perds cœur si tu vois que l Enuie
Aille abbayant, maligne, apres ton los naissant ;
Ne crain que sous ses pieds elle aille tapissant
Les vers que tu feras, comme indignes de vie.
Ce monstre blece-honneur ressemble la Mastine,
Qui iappe contre ceux qui sont nouueau venus,
Pardonnant toutesfois à ceux qui sont cognus,
Curtoise enuers ceux cy, enuers ceux la mutine.
Ce monstre semble encor vne fameuse nue,
Que le naissant Vulcan presbe de toutes pars,
Pour, noire, l' estouffer de ses ondeux brouillars :
Mais où plus ce feu croist, plus elle diminue.
Sui donc (mon cher souci) ce chemin non froyable
Que par ceux, que le ciel, liberal, veut benir,
Et ie iure qu en brief ie te feray tenir
Entre les bons esprits quelque rang honorable.
Cest par ce beau discours que la Muse celeste
Tenant vne couronne en sa pucelle main,

Attire

To golden honnied verſe, the only harme,
Although our France with lofty ſprits doth ſwarme.
But thou my deir one, whome the holy N*yne*,
Who yearly drinks *Pegaſis* fountaine fyne,
The great gods holy ſongſter had receiued,
Yea, euen before thy mother the conceiued.
Albeit this ſubiect ſeame a barren ground,
With quickeſt ſpreits left ley, as they it found,
Irk not for that heirefter of thy paine,
Thy glore by rairnes greater ſhall remaine.
O *Saluſt*, loſe not heart, though pale Inuye
Bark at thy praiſe increaſing to the ſkye,
Feare not that ſhe tread vnder foote thy verſe,
As if they were vnworthie to reherſe.
This monſter honnors-hurt is like the curr,
That barks at ſtrangers comming to the durr,
But ſparing alwaies thoſe are to him knowin,
To them moſt gentle, to the others throwin.
This monſter als is like a raving cloude,
Which threatnes alwayis kendling *Vulcan* loude.
To ſmore and drowne him with her powring raine,
Yet force of fyre repellis her power againe.
Then follow furth, my ſonne, that way vnfeard,
Of them whom in fre heauens gift hath appeard.
And heare I ſweare, thou ſhortly ſhall reſaue
Some noble rank among good ſpreits and graue.
This heauenly M*uſe* by ſuch diſcourſes fair,
Who in her Virgin hand a riche crowne bair:

L'VRANIE.

Attire à ſoy mon cœur d vn tranſport plus qu'humain,
Tant bien a ſes doux mots elle adiouſte vn doux geſte.
Depuis, ce ſeul amour dans mes veines bouillonne :
Depuis ce ſeul vent ſouſle és toiles de ma nef :
Bien-heureux ſi ie puis non poſer ſur mon chef,
Ains du doight ſeulement toucher ceſte couronne.

FINIS.

So drew to her my heart, ſo farr tranſported,
And with ſwete grace ſo ſwetely ſhe exhorted:
As ſince that loue into my braines did brew,
And ſince that only wind my ſhipſailles blew,
I thought me bleſt, if I might only clame
To touche that crown, though not to weare the ſame.

FINIS.

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ANE METAPHORICALL
INVENTION OF A TRAGEDIE CALLED PHOENIX.

3

A Colomne of 18 lynes ſerving for a Preface to the Tragedie enſuyng.

Elf
Echo
help that both
together we,
Since cauſe there be, may
now lament with tearis, My
murnefull yearis. Ye furies als
with him, Euen Pluto grim, who duells
in dark, that he, Since cheif we ſe him
to you all that bearis The ſtyle men fearis of
Diræ, I requeſt, Eche greizlie gheſt that dwells
beneth the ſea, With all yon thre, whoſe hairs are ſnaiks
full blew, And all your crew, aſſiſt me in thir twa:
Repeit and ſha my Tragedie full neir, The
chance fell heir. then ſecundlie is beſt, Deuills
void of reſt, ye moue all that it reid,
With me in deid lyke dolour them
to griv', I then will liv' in
leſſer greif therebj. Kyth
heir and try your force
ay bent and quick,
Excell in
ſik like
ill,
and murne with
me. From Delphos ſyne
Apollo cum with ſpeid: Whoſe
ſhining light my cairs will dim in deid.

✱ The expanſion of the
former Colomne.

E lf Echo help, that both together w E
(S ince cauſe there be) may now lamēt with teari S
M y murnefull yearis. Ye furies als with hi M
E uen Pluto grim, who dwels in dark, that h E
S ince cheif we ſe him to you all that beari S
T he ſtyle men fearis of Diræ : I requeſ T
E che greizlie gheſt, that dwells beneth the S E
W ith all yon thre, whoſe hairis ar ſnaiks full ble W
A nd all your crew, aſſiſt me in thir tw A
R epeit and ſha my Tragedie full nei R
T he chance fell heir. Then ſecoundlie is beſ T
D euils void of reſt, ye moue all that it rei D
W ith me, indeid, lyke dolour thame to gri V
I then will liv', in leſſer greif therebi I
K ythe heir and trie, your force ay bent and quic K
E xcell in ſik lyke ill, and murne with m E
From Delphos ſyne Apollo cum with ſpeid,
Whoſe ſhining light my cairs wil dim in deid.

PHOENIX.

THE dyuers falls that *Fortune* geuis to men,
By turning ouer her quheill to their annoy,
When I do heare thē grudge, although they ken
That olde blind *Dame* delytes to let the ioy
Of all, ſuche is her vſe, which dois conuoy
Her quheill by geſs: not looking to the right,
Bot ſtill turnis vp that pairt quhilk is too light.

Thus quhen I hard ſo many did complaine,
Some for the loſſe of worldly wealth and geir,
Some death of frends, quho can not come againe;
Some loſſe of health, which vnto all is deir,
Some loſſe of fame, which ſtill with it dois beir
Ane greif to them, who mereits it indeid:
Yet for all this appearis there ſome remeid.

For as to geir, lyke chance as made you want it,
Reſtore you may the ſame againe or mair.
For death of frends, although the ſame (I grant it)
Can noght returne, yet men are not ſo rair,
Bot ye may get the lyke. For ſeiknes fair
Your health may come: or to ane better place
Ye muſt. For fame, good deids will mend diſgrace.

PHOENIX.

Then, fra I ſaw (as I already told)
How men complaind for things whilk might amend,
How *Dauid* L*yndsay* did complaine of old
His *Papingo*, her death, and ſudden end,
Ane common foule, whoſe kinde be all is kend.
All theſe hes moved me preſently to tell
Ane Tragedie, in griefs thir to excell.

[redacted]

For I complaine not of ſic common cace,
Which diuerſly by diuers means dois fall:
But I lament my *Phœnix* rare, whoſe race,
Whoſe kynde, whoſe kin, whoſe offpring, they be all
In her alone, whome I the *Phœnix* call.
That fowle which only one at onis did liue,
Not liues, alas! though I her praiſe reviue.

[redacted]

In *Arabie* cald *Fœlix* was ſhe bredd
This fowle, excelling *Iris* farr in hew.
Whoſe body whole, with purpour was owercledd,
Whoſe taill of coulour was celeſtiall blew,
With ſkarlat pennis that through it mixed grew:
Her craig was like the yallowe burniſht gold,
And ſhe herſelf thre hundreth yeare was old.

[redacted]

She might haue liued as long againe and mair,
If fortune had not ſtayde dame N*aturs* will :
Six hundreth yeares and fourtie was her ſcair,
Which *Nature* ordained her for to fulfill.
Her natiue ſoile ſhe hanted euer ſtill,
Except to *Egypt* whiles ſhe tooke her courſe,
Wherethrough great N*ylus* downe runs frō his ſourſe.

[redacted]

Like as ane hors, when he is barded haile,
An fethered pannach ſet vpon his heid,
Will make him ſeame more braue : Or to aſſaile
The enemie, he that the troups dois leid,
Ane pannache on his healme will ſet in deid :
Euen ſo, had N*ature*, to decore her face,
Giuen her ane tap, for to augment her grace.

[redacted]

In quantitie, ſhe dois reſemble neare
Vnto the foule of mightie *Jove*, by name
The *AEgle* calld : oft in the time of yeare,
She vſde to ſoir, and flie through diuers realme,
Out through the *Azure* ſkyes, whill ſhe did ſhame
The Sunne himſelf, her coulour was ſo bright,
Till he abaſhit beholding ſuch a light.

[redacted]

Thus whill ſhe vſde to ſcum the ſkyes about,
At laſt ſhe chanced to ſore out ower the ſee
Calld *Mare Rubrum*: yet her courſe held out
Whill that ſhe paſt whole *Aſie*. Syne to flie
To *Europe* ſmall ſhe did reſolue: To drie
Her voyage out, at laſt ſhe came in end
Into this land, ane ſtranger heir vnkend.

Ilk man did maruell at her forme moſt rare.
The winter came, and ſtorms cled all the feild:
Which ſtorms, the land of fruit and corne made bare,
Then did ſhe flie into an houſe for beild,
VVhich from the ſtorms might ſaue her as an ſheild.
There, in that houſe ſhe firſt began to tame,
I came, ſyne took her furth out of the ſame.

Fra I her gat, yet none could geſs what ſort
Of foule ſhe was, nor from what countrey cum:
Nor I my ſelf: except that be her port,
And gliſtring hewes I knew that ſhe was ſum
Rare ſtranger foule, which oft had vſde to ſcum
Through diuers lands, delyting in her flight;
Which made us ſee, ſo ſtrange and rare a ſight.

Whill

Whill at the last, I chanced to call to minde
How that her nature, did resemble neir
To that of P*hœnix* which I red. Her kinde,
Her hewe, her shape, did mak it plaine appeir,
She was the same, which now was lighted heir.
This made me to esteme of her the more,
Her name and rarenes did her so decore.

[redacted]

Thus being tamed, and throughly weill acquent.
She toke delyte (as she was wount before)
What tyme that *Titan* with his beames vpsprent,
To take her flight, amongs the skyes to soir.
Then came to her of fowlis, a woundrous store
Of diuers kinds, some simple fowlis, some ill
And rauening fowlis, whilks simple onis did kill.

[redacted]

And euen as they do swarme about their king
The hunnie *Beis*, that works into the hyue:
VVhen he delyts furth of the skepps to spring,
Then all the leaue will follow him belyue,
Syne to be nixt him bissilie they striue:
So, all thir fowlis did follow her with beir,
For loue of her, fowlis rauening did no deir.

[redacted]

Such was the loue, and reuerence they her bure,
Ilk day whill euen, ay whill they ſhedd at night.
Fra time it darkned, I was euer ſure
Of her returne, remaining whill the light,
And *Phœbus* ryſing with his garland bright.
Such was her trueth, fra time that ſhe was tame,
She, who in brightnes *Titans* ſelf did ſhame.

By vſe of this, and hanting it, at laſt
She made the foules, fra time that I went out,
Aboue my head to flie, and follow faſt
Her, who was chief and leader of the rout.
When it grew lait, ſhe made them flie, but doubt,
Or feare, euen in the cloſſe with her of will,
Syne ſhe her ſelf, perkt in my chalmer ſtill.

When as the countreys round about did heare
Of this her byding in this countrey cold,
Which not but hills, and darknes ay dois beare,
(And for this cauſe was *Scotia* calld of old,)
Her lyking here, when it was to them told,
And how ſhe greind not to go backe againe:
The loue they bure her, turnd into diſdaine.

Lo, here the fruicts, whilks of *Inuy* dois breid,
To harme them all, who vertue dois imbrace.
Lo, here the fruicts, from her whilks dois proceid,
To harme them all, that be in better cace
Then others be. So followed they the trace
Of proud *Inuy*, thir countreyis lying neir,
That such a foule, should lyke to tary heir.

[redacted]

Whill Fortoun at the last, not onely moued
Inuy to this, which could her not content,
Whill that *Inuy*, did sease some foules that loued
Her anis as semed: but yet their ill intent
Kythed, when they saw all other foules still bent
To follow her, misknowing them at all.
This made them worke her vndeserued fall.

[redacted]

Thir were the rauening fowls, whome of I spak
Before, the whilks (as I alreadv shew)
Was wount into her presence to bald bak
Their crueltie, from simple ones, that flew
With her, ay whill *Inuy* all feare withdrew.
Thir ware, the *Rauin*, the *Stainchell*, & the *Gled*,
With other kynds, whome in this malice bred.

[redacted]

Fra *Malice* thus was rooted be *Inuy*,
In them as fone the awin effects did ſhaw.
VVhich made them ſyne, vpon ane day, to ſpy
And wait till that, as ſhe was wount, ſhe flaw
Athort the ſkyes, ſyne did they neir her draw,
Among the other fowlis of dyuers kynds,
Although they were farr diſſonant in mynds.

[redacted]

For where as they ware wount her to obey,
Their mynde farr contrair then did plaine appeare
For then they made her as a commoun prey
To them, of whome ſhe looked for no deare,
They ſtrake at her ſo bitterly, whill feare
Stayde other fowlis to preis to defend her
From thir ingrate, whilks now had clene miſkend her.

[redacted]

When ſhe could find none other ſaue refuge
From theſe their bitter ſtraiks, ſhe fled at laſt
To me (as if ſhe wolde wiſhe me to iudge
The wrong they did her) yet they followed faſt
Till ſhe betuix my leggs her ſelfe did caſt.
For ſauing her from theſe, which her oppreſt,
Whoſe hote purſute, her ſuffred not to reſt.

[redacted]

Bot yet at all that ſervd not for remeid,
For nogttheles, they ſpaird her not a haire.
In ſtede of her, yea whyles they made to bleid
My leggs : (ſo grew their malice mair and mair)
Which made her both to rage and to diſpair,
Firſt, that but cauſe they did her ſuch diſhort :
Nixt, that ſhe laked help in any ſort.

Then hauing tane ane dry and wethered ſtra,
In deip diſpair, and in ane lofty rage
She ſprang vp heigh, outfleing euery fa :
Syne to *Panchaia* came, to change her age
Vpon *Apollos* altar, to aſſwage
With outward fyre her inward raging fyre :
Which then was all her cheif and whole deſyre.

Then being careful, the event to know
Of her, who homeward had returnde againe
Where ſhe was bred, where ſtorms dois neuer blow,
Nor bitter blaſts, nor winter ſnows, nor raine,
But ſommer ſtill : that countray doeth ſo ſtaine
All realmes in fairnes. There in haſte I ſent,
Of her to know the yſſew and event.

The messinger went there into sic haste,
As could permit the farrnes of the way,
By crossing ower sa mony countreys waste
Or he come there. Syne with a lytle stay
Into that land, drew homeward euery day:
In his returne, lyke diligence he shew
As in his going there, through realmes anew.

Fra he returnd, then sone without delay
I speared at him, (the certeantie to try)
What word of *Phœnix* which was flowen away?
And if through all the lands he could her spy,
Where through he went, I bad him not deny,
But tell the trueth, yea whither good or ill
Was come of her, to wit it was my will.

He tolde me then, how she flew bak againe,
Where fra she came and als he did receit,
How in *Panchaia* toun, she did remaine
On *Phœbus* altar, there for to compleit
With *Thus* and *Myrrh*, and other odours sweit
Of flowers of dyuers kyndes, and of *Incens*
Her nest With that he left me in suspens.

Till

Till that I charged him no wayes for to ſpair,
But preſently to tell me out the reſt.
He tauld me then, How *Titans* garland thair
Inflamde be heate, reflexing on her neſt,
The withered ſtra, which when ſhe was oppreſt
Heir be yon fowlis, ſhe bure ay whill ſhe came
There, ſyne aboue her neſt ſhe laid the ſame.

And ſyne he tolde, how ſhe had ſuch deſyre
To burne herſelf, as ſhe ſat downe therein.
Syne how the Sunne the withered ſtra did fyre,
Which brunt her neſt, her fethers, bones and ſkin
All turnd in aſh. Whois end dois now begin
My woes: her death maks lyfe to greif in me.
She, whome I rew my eyes did euer ſee.

O deuills of darknes, contraire vnto light,
In *Phœbus* fowle, how could ye get ſuch place,
Since ye are hated ay be *Phœbus* bright?
For ſtill is ſene his light dois darknes chace.
But yet ye went into that fowle, whoſe grace,
As *Phœbus* fowle, yet ward the Sunne him ſell.
Her light his ſtaind, whome in all light dois dwell.

PHOENIX.

And thou (ô *Phœnix*) why was thow ſo moued
Thow foule of light, be enemies to thee,
For to forget thy heauenly hewes, whilkis loued
Were baith by men and fowlis that did them ſee?
And ſyne in hewe of aſhe that they ſould bee
Conuerted all: and that thy goodly ſhape
In *Chaos* ſould, and noght the fyre eſcape?

And thow (ô reuthles *Death*) ſould thow deuore
Her? who not only paſſed by all mens mynde
All other fowlis in hewe, and ſhape, but more
In rarenes (ſen there was none of her kynde
But ſhe alone) whome with thy ſtounds thow pynde:
And at the laſt, hath perced her through the hart,
But reuth or pitie, with thy mortall dart.

Yet worſt of all, ſhe liued not half her age.
Why ſtayde thou *Tyme* at leaſt, which all dois teare
To worke with her? O what a cruell rage,
To cut her off, before her threid did weare!
VVherein all *Planets* keeps their courſe, that yeare
It was not by the half yet worne away,
VVhich ſould with her haue ended on a day.

Then

PHOENIX.

Then fra ther newis, in ſorrows ſoped haill,
Had made vs both a while to holde our peace,
Then he began and ſaid, Pairt of my taill
Is yet vntolde, Lo here one of her race,
Ane worme bred of her aſhe: Though ſhe, alace,
(Said he) be brunt, this lacks but plumes and breath
To be lyke her, new gendred by her death.

L'enuoy.

Apollo then, who brunt with thy reflex
Thine onely fowle, through loue that thou her bure,
Although thy fowle, (whose name doeth end in X)
Thy burning heat on nowayes could indure
But brunt thereby: Yet will I the procure,
Late foe to *Phœnix*, now her freind to be:
Reuiuing her by that which made her die.

Draw farr from heir, mount heigh vp through the air
To gar thy heat and beames be law and neir.
That in this countrey, which is colde and bair,
Thy gliſtring beames als ardent may appeir
As they were oft in *Arabie*: ſo heir
Let them be now, to make ane P*hœnix* new
Euen of this worme of P*hœnix* aſhe which grew.

PHOENIX.

This if thow dois, as ſure I hope thou ſhall,
My tragedie a comike end will haue:
Thy work thou hath begun, to end it all.
Els made ane worme, to make her out the laue.
This Epitaphe, then beis on *Phœnix* graue.

Here lyeth, vvhome too euen be her death and end
Apollo hath a longer lyfe her ſend.

FINIS.

A PARAPHRASTICALL
TRANSLATION OVT OF
THE POETE LVCANE.

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LVCANVS LIB. QVINTO.

CAEsaris an cursus vestræ sentire putatis
Damnum posse fugæ? Veluti si cuncta minentur
Flumina, quos miscent pelago, subducere fontes:
Non magis ablatis vnquam decreverit æquor,
Quam nunc crescit aquis. An vos momenta putatis
Vlla dedisse mihi?

If all the floods amonst them wold conclude
To stay their course from running in the see:
And by that means wold thinke for to delude
The *Ocean*, who sould impaired be,
As they supposde, beleuing if that he
Did lack their floods, he should decresse him sell:
Yet if we like the veritie to wye,
It pairs him nothing: as I shall you tell.

For out of him they are augmented all,
And most part creat, as ye shall persaue;
For when the Sunne doth souk the vapours small
Forth of the seas, whilks them containe and haue,
A part in winde, in wete and raine the laue
He render dois: which doth augment their strands.
Of *Neptuns* woll a coate syne they him weaue,
By hurling to him fast out ower the lands.

When all is done, do to him what they can
None can perſaue that they do ſwell him mair,
I put the caſe then that they neuer ran :
Yet not theleſs that could him nowiſe pair :
VVhat needs he then to count it, or to cair,
Except their folies wold the more be ſhawin ?
Sen though they ſtay, it harmes him not a hair,
what gain they, thogh they had their courſe withdrawē ?

So euen ſiclike : Though ſubiects do coniure
For to rebell againſt their Prince and King :
By leauing him although they hope to ſmure
That grace, wherewith God maks him for to ring,
Though by his gifts he ſhaw him ſelf bening,
To help their neid, and make them thereby gaine :
Yet lacke of them no harme to him doth bring,
VVhen they to rewe their folie ſhalbe faine.

L'enuoy.

Then *Floods* runne on your wounted courſe of olde,
Which God by Nature dewly hes prouyded :
For though ye ſtay, as I before haue tolde,
And caſt in doubt which God hath els decyded :
To be conioynde, by you to be deuyded :
To kythe your ſpite, & do the *Depe* no ſkaith :
Farre better were in others ilk confyded,
Ye *Floods*, thou *Depe*, whilks were your dewties baith.

FINIS.

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ANE SCHORT
TREATISE,
CONTEINING SOME REVLIS
and cautelis to be obſeruit and
eſchewit in Scottis
Poeſie.

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A QVADRAIN OF ALEXANDRIN VERSE, DECLARING TO QVHOME THE *Authour hes directit his labour.*

To ignorants obdurde, quhair vvilfull erronr lyis,
Nor zit to curious folks, quhilks carping dois deiect thee,
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie vvyis,
But to the docile bairns of knavvledge I *direct thee.*

THE PREFACE TO
the Reader.

THE cauſe why (docile Reader) I haue not dedicat this ſhort treatiſe to any particular perſonis, (as cōmounly workis vſis to be) is, that I eſteme all thais quha hes already ſome beginning of knawledge, with ane earneſt deſyre to atteyne to farther, alyke meit for the reading of this worke, or any vther, quhilk may help thame to the atteining to thair foirſaid deſyre. Bot as to this work, quhilk is intitulit, *The Reulis and cautelis to be obſeruit & eſchevvit in Scottis Poeſie*, ze may maruell parauenture, quhairfore I ſould haue written in that mater, ſen ſa mony learnit men, baith of auld and of late hes already written thairof in dyuers and ſindry languages: I anſwer, That nochtwithſtanding, I haue lykewayis written of it, for twa cauſſis: The ane is, As for thē that wrait of auld, lyke as the tyme is changeit ſenſyne, ſa is the ordour of Poeſie changeit. For then they obſeruit not *Flovving*, nor eſchewit not *Ryming in termes*, beſydes ſindrie vther thingis, quhilk now we obſerue, & eſchew, and dois weil in ſa doing: becauſe that now, quhē the warld is waxit auld, we haue all their opinionis in writ, quhilk were learned before our tyme, beſydes our awin ingynis, quhair as

they then did it onelie be thair awin ingynis, butt help of any vther. Thairfore, quhat I ſpeik of Poeſie now, I ſpeik of it, as being come to mannis age and perfectioun, quhair as then it was bot in the infancie and chyldheid. The vther cauſe is, That as for thame that hes written in it of late, there hes neuer ane of thame written in our language. For albeit ſindrie hes written of it in Engliſh, quhilk is lykeſt to our language, zit we differ from thame in ſindrie reulis of Poeſie, as ze will find be experience. I haue lykewayis ommittit dyuers figures, quhilkis are neceſſare to be vſit in verſe, for twa cauſis. The ane is, becauſe they are vſit in all languages, and thairfore are ſpokin of be *Du Bellay*, and ſindrie vtheris, quha hes writtē in this airt. Quhairfore gif I wrait of thame alſo, it ſould ſeme that I did bot repete that, quhilk thay haue written, and zit not ſa weil, as thay haue done already. The vther cauſe is, that they are figures of Rhetorique and Dialectique, quhilkis airtis I profeſſe nocht, and thairfore will apply to my ſelfe the counſale, quhilk *Apelles* gaue to the ſhoomaker, quhē he ſaid to him, ſeing him find falt with the ſhankis of the Image of *Venus*, efter that he had found falt with the pantoun, *Ne ſutor vltra crepidam.*

I will alſo wiſh zow (docile Readar) that or ze cūmer zow with reading thir reulis, ze may find in zour ſelf ſic a beginning of Nature, as ze may put in practiſe in zour verſe many of thir foirſaidis preceptis, or euer ze ſie them as they are heir ſet doun. For gif Nature be nocht the chief worker in this airt, Reulis wilbe

wilbe bot a band to Nature, and will mak zow within ſhort ſpace weary of the haill airt: quhair as, gif Nature be cheif, and bent to it, reulis will be ane help and ſtaff to Nature. I will end heir, leſt my preface be langer nor my purpoſe and haill mater following: wiſhing zow, docile Reidar, als gude ſucces and great proffeit by reiding this ſhort treatiſe, as I tuke earniſt and willing panis to blok it, as ze ſie, for zour cauſe. Fare weill.

I Haue inſert in the hinder end of this Treatiſe, maiſt kyndis of verſe quhilks are not cuttit or brokin, bot alyke many feit in euery lyne of the verſe, and how they are commounly namit, with my opinioun for quhat ſubiectis ilk kynde of thir verſe is meiteſt to be vſit.

TO knaw the quantitie of zour lang or ſhort fete in they lynes, quhilk I haue put in the reule, quhilk teachis zow to knaw quhat is *Flowing*, I haue markit the lang fute with this mark, — and abone the heid of the ſhort fute, I haue put this mark *v*.

* *
*

SONNET OF THE AVTHOVR
TO THE READER.

SEn for zour ſaik I vvryte vpon zour airt,
Apollo, Pan, and ze 6 Muſis nyne,
And thou, 6 Mercure, for to help thy pairt
I do implore, ſen thou be thy ingyne,
Nixt efter Pan had found the quhiſſil, ſyne
Thou did perfyte, that quhilk he bot eſpyit:
And efter that made Argus for to tyne
(quha kepit Io) all his vvindois by it.
Concurre ze Gods, it can not be denyit:
Sen in zour airt of Poëſie I vvryte.
Auld birds to learne by teiching it is tryit:
Sic docens diſcam *gif ze help to dyte.*
Then Reidar ſie of nature thou haue pairt,
Syne laikis thou nocht, bot heir to reid the airt.

SONNET DECIFRING
THE PERFYTE POETE.

ANe rype ingyne, ane quick and vvalkned vvitt,
VVith sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit,
For euery purpose vsing reasons fitt,
VVith skilfulnes, vvhere learning my be spyit,
With pithie vvordis, for to expres zovv by it
His full intention in his proper leid,
The puritie quhairof, vveill hes he tryit:
With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid,
With skilfulnes and figuris, quhilks proceid
From Rhetorique, *vvith euerlasting fame,*
With vthers vvoundring, preassing vvith all speid
For to atteine to merite sic a name.
All thir into the perfyte Poëte be.
Goddis, grant I may obteine the Laurell trie.

****

THE REVLIS AND CAVTELIS TO BE OBSERVIT and eſchewit in Scottis *Poeſie.*

CAP. I.

FIRST, ze ſall keip iuſt cullouris, quhairof the cautelis are thir.

That ze ryme nocht twyſe in ane ſyllabe. As for exemple, that ze make not *proue* and *reproue* ryme together, nor *houe* for houeing on hors bak, and *behoue.*

That ze ryme ay to the hinmeſt lang ſyllabe, (with accent) in the lyne, ſuppoſe it be not the hinmeſt ſyllabe in the lyne, as *bakbyte zovv*, & *out flyte zovv*, It rymes in *byte* & *flyte*, becauſe of the lenth of the ſyllabe, & accent being there, and not in *zovv*, howbeit it be the hinmeſt ſyllabe of ather of the lynis. Or *queſtion* and *digeſtion*, It rymes in *ques* & *ges*, albeit they be bot the antepenult ſyllabis, and vther twa behind ilkane of thame.

Ze aucht alwayis to note, That as in thir foirſaidis, or the lyke wordis, it rymes in the hinmeſt lang ſyllabe in the lyne, althoucht there be vther ſhort ſyllabis behind it, Sa is the hinmeſt ſyllabe the hinmeſt fute, ſuppoſe there be vther ſhort ſyllabis behind it, quhilkis are eatin vp in the pronounceing, and na wayis comptit as fete.

Ze man be war likewayis (except neceſſitie compell yow) with R*yming in Termis*, quhilk is to ſay, that your firſt or hinmeſt word in the lyne, exceid not twa or thre ſyllabis at the maiſt, vſing thrie als ſeindill as ye can. The cauſe quhairfore ze ſall not place a lang word firſt in the lyne, is, that all lang words hes ane ſyllabe in them ſa verie lang, as the lenth thairof eatis vp in the pronouncing euin the vther ſyllabes, quhilks are placit lang in the ſame word, and thairfore ſpillis the flowing of that lyne. As for exēple, in this word, *Arabia*, the ſecound ſyllabe (*ra*) is ſa lang, that it eatis vp in the pronouncing [*a*] quhilk is the hinmeſt ſyllabe of the ſame word. Quhilk [*a*] althocht it be in a lang place, zit it kythis not ſa, becauſe of the great lenth of the preceding ſyllabe (*ra*). As to the cauſe quhy ze ſall not put a lang word hinmeſt in the lyne, It is, becauſe, that the lenth of the ſecound ſyllabe (*ra*) eating vp the lenth of the vther lang ſyllabe, [*a*] makis it to ſerue bot as a tayle to it, together with the ſhort ſyllabe preceding. And becauſe this tayle nather ſeruis for cullour nor fute, as I ſpak before, it man be thairfore repetit in the nixt lyne ryming vnto it, as it is ſet doune in the firſt: quhilk makis, that ze will ſcarcely get many wordis to ryme vnto it, zea, nane at all will ze finde to ryme to ſindrie vther langer wordis. Thairfore cheifly be warre of in ſerting ſic lang wordis hinmeſt in the lyne, for the cauſe quhilk I laſt allegit. Beſydes that nather firſt nor laſt in the lyne, it keipis na *Flowving*. The reulis and cautelis quhairof are thir, as followis.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

FIRST, ze man vnderſtād that all ſyllabis are deuydit in thrie kindes: That is, ſome ſchort, ſome lang, and ſome indifferent. Be indifferent I meane, thay quhilk are ather lang or ſhort, according as ze place thame.

The forme of placeing ſyllabes in verſe, is this. That zour firſt ſyllabe in the lyne be ſhort, the ſecond lang, the thrid ſhort, the fourt lang, the fyft ſhort, the ſixt lang, and ſa furth to the end of the lyne. Alwayis tak heid, that the nomber of zour fete in euery lyne be euin, & nocht odde: as four, ſix, aucht, or ten: & nocht thrie, fyue, ſeuin, or nyne, except it be in broken verſe, quhilkis are out of reul and daylie inuentit be dyuers Poetis. But gif ze wald aſk me the reulis, quhairby to knaw euery ane of thir thre foirſaidis kyndis of ſyllabes, I anſwer, Zour eare man be the onely iudge and diſcerner thairof. And to proue this, I remit to the iudgement of the ſame, quhilk of thir twa lynis following flowis beſt.

v — v — v — v — v —
Into the Sea then Lucifer vpſprang.

v — v — v — v — v —
In the Sea then Lucifer to vpſprang.

I doubt not bot zour eare makkis zou eaſilie to perſaue, that the firſt lyne flowis weil, & the vther nathing at all. The reaſoun is, becauſe the firſt lyne keips the reule abone written, TO wit, the firſt fute ſhort, the ſecound lang, and ſa furth, as I ſhewe before: quhair as the vther is direct contrair to the ſame. Bot ſpe-

cially tak heid, quhen zour lyne is of fourtene, that your *Sectioun* in aucht be a lang monoſyllabe, or ellis the hinmeſt ſyllabe of a word alwais being lang, as I ſaid before. The cauſe quhy it mā be ane of thir twa, is, for the Muſique, becauſe that quhen zour lyne is ather of xiiij or xij fete, it wilbe drawin ſa lang in the ſinging, as ze man reſt in the middes of it, quhilk is the *Sectioun*: ſa as, gif zour *Sectioun* be nocht ather a monoſyllabe, or ellis the hinmeſt ſyllabe of a word, as I ſaid before, bot the firſt ſyllabe of a polyſyllabe, the Muſique ſall make zow ſa to reſt in the middes of that word, as it ſall cut the ane half of the word fra the vther, and ſa ſall mak it ſeme twa different wordis, that is bot ane. This aucht onely to be obſeruit in thir foir-ſaid lang lynis: for the ſhortnes of all ſhorter lynis, then thir before mentionat, is the cauſe, that the Muſique makis na reſt in the middes of thame, and thairfore thir obſeruationis ſeruis nocht for thame. Onely tak heid, that the *Sectioun* in thame kythe ſomething langer nor any vther feit in that lyne, except the ſecound and the laſt, as I haue ſaid before.

Ze man tak heid lykewayis, that zour langeſt lynis exceid nocht fourtene fete, and that zour ſhorteſt be nocht within foure.

Remember alſo to mak a *Sectioun* in the middes of euery lyne, quhether the lyne be lang or ſhort. Be *Sectioun* I meane, that gif zour lyne be of fourtene fete, zour aucht fute, mannot only be langer then the ſeuint, or vther ſhort fete, bot alſo langer nor any vther lang fete

fete in the ſame lyne, except the ſecound and the hinmeſt. Or gif your lyne be of twelf fete, zour *Sectioun* to be in the ſext. Or gif of ten, zour *Sectioun* to be in the ſext alſo.
The cauſe quhy it is not in fyue, is, becauſe fyue is odde, and euerie odde fute is ſhort. Or gif zour lyne be of aucht fete, your *Sectioun* to be in the fourt. Gif of ſex, in the fourt alſo. Gif of four, zour *Sectioun* to be in twa.

Ze aucht lykewiſe to be war with oft compoſing zour haill lynis of monoſyllabis onely, (albeit our language haue ſa many, as we can nocht weill eſchewe it) becauſe the maiſt pairt of thame are indifferent, and may be in ſhort or lang place, as ze like. Some wordis of dyuers ſyllabis are lykewayis indifferent, as

Thairfore, reſtore.

I thairfore, then.

In the firſt, *thairfore*, (*thair*) is ſhort, and (*fore*) is lang In the vther, (*thair*) is lang, & (*fore*) is ſhort, and zit baith flowis alike weill. Bot thir indifferent wordis, compoſit of dyuers ſyllabes, are rare, ſuppoſe in monoſyllabes, cōmoun. The cauſe then, quhy ane haill lyne aucht nocht to be compoſit of monoſyllabes, is, that they being for the maiſt pairt indifferent, nather the ſecound, hinmeſt, nor *Sectioun*, will be langer nor the other lang fete in the ſame lyne. Thairfore ze man place a word cōpoſit of dyuers ſyllabes, and not indifferent, ather in the ſecound, hinmeſt, or *Sectioun*, or in all thrie.

Ze man alſo tak heid, that quhen thare fallis any ſhort ſyllabis efter the laſt lang ſyllabe in the lyne, that ze repeit thame in the lyne quhilk rymis to the vther, evin as ze ſet them downe in the firſt lyne: as for exempill, ze man not ſay

Then feir nocht
Nor heir ocht.

Bot

Then feir nocht
Nor heir nocht.

Repeting the ſame, *nocht*, in baith the lynis: becauſe this ſyllabe, *nocht*, nather ſeruing for cullour nor fute, is bot a tayle to the lang fute preceding, and thairfore is repetit lykewayis in the nixt lyne, quhilk rymes vnto it, euin as it ſet doun in the firſt.

There is alſo a kynde of indifferent wordis, aſweill as of ſyllabis, albeit few in nomber. The nature quhairof is, that gif ze place them in the begynning of a lyne, they are ſhorter be a fute, nor they are, gif ze place thame hinmeſt in the lyne, as

Sen patience I man haue perforce.
I liue in hope vvith patience.

Ze ſe there are but aucht fete in ather of baith thir lynis aboue written. The cauſe quhairof is, that, *patience*, in the firſt lyne, in reſpect it is in the beginning thairof, is bot of twa fete, and in the laſt lyne, of thrie, in

in reſpect it is the hinmeſt word of that lyne. To knaw & diſcerne thir kynde of wordis frā vtheris, zour eare man be the onely iudge, as of all the vther parts of *Flovving*, the verie twicheſtane quhairof is Muſique.

I haue teachit zow now ſhortlie the reulis of R*yming Fete*, and *Flovving*. There reſtis zet to teache zow the wordis, ſentences, and phraſis neceſſair for a Poete to vſe in his verſe, quhilk I haue ſet doun in reulis, as efter followis.

CHAP. III.

FIrſt that in quhatſumeuer ze put in verſe, ze put in na wordis, ather *metri cauſa*, or zit, for filling furth the nomber of the fete, bot that they be all ſa neceſſare, as ze ſould be conſtrained to vſe thame, in cace ze wer ſpeiking the ſame purpoſe in proſe. And thairfore that zour wordis appeare to haue cum out willingly, and by nature, and not to haue bene thrawin out conſtrainedly, by compulſioun.

That ze eſchew to inſert in zour verſe, a lang rable of mennis names, or names of tounis, or ſik vther names. Becauſe it is hard to mak many lang names all placit together, to flow weill. Thairfore quhen that fallis out in zour purpoſe, ze ſall ather put bot twa or thrie of thame in euerie lyne, mixing vther wordis amang thame, or ellis ſpecifie bot twa or thrie of thame at all, ſaying (*VVith the laif of that race*) or (*VVith the rest in thay pairtis*,) or ſic vther lyke wordis : as for exemple,

Out through his cairt, quhair Eous vvas eik
VVith other thre, quhilk Phaëton had dravvin.

Ze ſie there is bot ane name there ſpecifeit, to ſerue for vther thrie of that ſorte.

Ze man alſo take heid to frame zour wordis and ſentencis according to the mater: As in Flyting and Inuectiues, zour wordis to be cuttit ſhort, and hurland ouer heuch. For thais quhilkis are cuttit ſhort, I meane be ſic wordis are thir,

Iis neir cair

for

I ſall neuer cair, gif zour ſubiect were of loue or tragedies. Becauſe in thame zour words man be drawin lang, quhilkis in Flyting man be ſhort.

Ze man lykewayis tak heid, that ze waill zour wordis according to the purpoſe: As in ane heich and learnit purpoſe, to vſe heich, pithie, and learnit wordis.

Gif zour purpoſe be of loue, To vſe commoun language, with ſome paſſionate wordis.

Gif zour purpoſe be of tragicall materis, To uſe lamentable wordis, with ſome heich, as rauiſhit in admiratioun.

Gif zour purpoſe be of landwart effairis, To vſe corruptit, and vplandis wordis.

And finally, quhatſumeuer be zour ſubiect, to vſe *vocabula artis*, quhairby ze may the mair viuelie repreſent that perſoun quhais pairt ze paint out.

This is likewayis neidfull to be vſit in ſentences, als weill

weill as in wordis. As gif zour ſubiect be heich and learnit, to vſe learnit and infallible reaſonis, prouin be neceſſities.

Gif zour ſubiect be of loue, To vſe wilfull reaſonis, proceeding rather from paſſioun, nor reaſoun.

Gif zour ſubiect be of landwart effaris, To vſe ſklender reaſonis, mixt with groſſe ignorance, nather keiping forme nor order. And ſa furth, euer framing zour reaſonis, according to the qualitie of zour ſubiect.

Let all zour verſe be *Literall*, ſa far as may be, quhatſumeuer kynde they be of, bot ſpeciallie *Tumbling* verſe for flyting. By *Literall* I meane, that the maiſt pairt of zour lyne, ſall rynne vpon a letter, as this tumbling lyne rynnis vpon F.

Fetching fude for to feid it faſt furth of the Farie.

Ze man obſerue that this *Tumbling* verſe flowis not on that faſſoun, as vtheris dois. For all vtheris keipis the reule quhilk I gaue before, To wit, the firſt fute ſhort the ſecound lang, and ſa furth. Quhair as thir has twa ſhort, and and ane lang throuch all the lyne, quhen they keip ordour: albeit the maiſt pairt of thame be out of ordour, & keipis na kynde nor reule of *Flovving*, & for that cauſe are callit *Tumbling* verſe: except the ſhort lynis of aucht in the hinder end of the verſe, the quhilk flowis as vther verſes dois, as ze will find in the hinder end of this buke, quhair I giue exemple of ſindrie kyndis of verſis.

CHAP. IIII.

MARK alſo thrie ſpeciall ornamentis to verſe, quhilkis are, *Comparisons*, *Epithetis*, and *Prouerbis*.

As for *Comparisons*, take heid that they be ſa proper for the ſubiect, that nather they be ouer bas, gif zour ſubiect be heich, for then ſould zour ſubiect disgrace zour *Comparisoun*, nather zour *Comparisoun* be heich quhen zour ſubiect is baſſe, for then ſall zour *Comparisoun* diſgrace zour ſubiect. Bot let ſic a mutuall correſpondence and ſimilitude be betwix thē, as it may appeare to be a meit *Comparisoun* for ſic a ſubiect, and ſa ſall they ilkane decore vther.

As for *Epithetis*, It is to deſryue brieflie, *en paſſant*, the naturall of euerie thing ze ſpeik of, by adding the proper adiectiue vnto it, quhairof thair are twa faſſons. The ane is, to deſcryue it, be making a corruptit worde, compoſit of twa dyuers ſimple wordis, as

Apollo gyde-Sunne

The vther faſſon, is, be *Circumlocution*, as

Apollo reular of the Sunne,

I eſteme this laſt faſſoun beſt, becauſe it expreſſis the authouris meaning als weill as the vther, and zit makis na corruptit wordis, as the vther dois.

As for the *Prouerbis*, they man be proper for the ſubiect, to beautifie it, choſen in the ſame forme as the *Comparisoun*.

CHAP. V.

IT is alſo meit, for the better decoratioun of the verſe to vſe ſumtyme the figure of Repetitioun, as

Quhylis ioy rang,

Quhylis noy rang, &c.

Ze ſie the word *quhylis* is repetit heir. This forme of repetitioun ſometyme vſit, decoris the verſe very mekle: zea quhen it cūmis to purpoſe, it will be cumly to repete ſic a word aucht or nyne tymes in a verſe.

CHAP. VI.

ZE man alſo be warre with compoſing ony thing in the ſame maner, as hes bene ower oft vſit of before. As in ſpeciall, gif ze ſpeik of loue, be warre ze deſcryue zour *Loues* makdome, or her fairnes. And ſiclyke that ze deſcryue not the morning, and ryſing of the Sunne, in the Preface of zour verſe: for thir thingis are ſa oft and dyuerſlie written vpon be Poëtis already, that gif ze do the lyke, it will appeare, ze bot imitate, and that it cummis not of zour awin *Inuentioun*, quhilk is ane of the cheif properties of ane Poete.

Thairfore gif zour ſubiect be to prayſe zour *Loue*, ze ſall rather prayſe her vther qualiteis, nor her fairnes, nor hir ſhaip: or ellis ze ſall ſpeik ſome lytill thing of it, and ſyne ſay, that zour wittis are ſa ſmal, and zour vtterāce ſo barren, that ze can not deſcryue any part of hir worthilie: remitting alwayis to the Reider, to iudge of hir, in reſpect ſho matches, or rather excellis *Venus*, or any woman quhome to it ſall pleaſe zow to compaire her. Bot gif zour ſubiect be ſic, as ze man speik ſome thing of the morning, or Sunne ryſing, tak heid, that quhat name ze giue to the Sunne, the Mone, or vther ſtarris, the ane ane, gif ze happin to wryte thairof another tyme, to change thair names. As gif ze call the Sunne *Titan*, at a tyme, to call him *Phœbus* or *Apollo* the vther tyme, and ſiclyke the Mone, and vther Planettis.

CHAP. VII.

BOT ſen *Inuention*, is ane of the cheif vertewis in a Poete, it is beſt that ze inuent zour awin ſubiect, zour ſelf, and not to compoſe of ſene ſubiectis. Eſpecially, tranſlating any thing out of vther language, quhilk doing, ze not only eſſay not zour awin ingyne of *Inuentioun*, bot be the ſame meanes, ze are bound, as to a ſtaik, to follow that buikis phraſis, quhilk ze tranſlate.

Ze man alſo be war of wryting any thing of materis of cōmoun weill, or vther ſic graue ſene ſubiectis (except

cept Metaphorically, of manifeſt treuth opinly knawin, zit nochtwithſtanding vſing it very ſeindit) becauſe nocht onely ze eſſay nocht zour awin *Inuentioun*, as I ſpak before, bot lykewayis they are to graue materis, for a Poet to mell in. Bot becauſe ze can not haue the *Inuentioun* except it come of Nature, I remit it thairvnto as the cheife cauſe, not onely of *Inuentioun*, bot alſo of all the vther pairtis of Poeſie. For airt is onely bot ane help and a remembraunce to Nature, as I ſhew zow in the Preface.

CHAP. VIII. tuiching the kyndis of verſis, mentionat in the Preface.

FIrſt there is ryme quhilk ſeruis onely for lang hiſtories, and zit are nocht verſe. As for exemple,

In Maii vvhen that the bliſſefull Phœbus bricht,
The lampe of ioy, the heauens gemme of licht,
The goldin cairt, and the etheriall king,
With purpour face in Orient dois ſpring,
Maiſt angel-lyke aſcending in his ſphere,
And birds vvith all their heauenlie voces cleare
Dois mak a ſvveit and heauinly harmony,
And fragrant flours dois ſpring vp luſtely:
Into this ſeaſon ſvveiteſt of delyte,
To vvalk I had a luſty appetyte.

And ſa furth.

¶ For the descriptioun of Heroique actis, Martiall and knichtly faittis of armes, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Heroicall*, As

Meik mundane mirrour, myrrie and modest,
Blyth, kynde, and courtes, comelie, clene, and chest,
To all exemple for thy honestie,
As richest rose, or rubie, by the rest,
With gracis graue, and gesture maist digest,
Ay to thy honnour alvvayis hauing eye.
Were fassouns fleimde, they micht be found in the :
Of blissings all, be blyth, thovv hes the best,
With euerie berne belouit for to be.

¶ For any heich & graue subiectis, specially drawin out of learnit authouris, vse this kynde of verse following, callit *Ballat Royal*, as

That nicht he ceist, and vvent to bed, bot greind
Zit fast for day, and thocht the nicht to lang :
At last Diana doun her head recleind,
Into the sea. Then Lucifer vpsprang,
Auroras post, vvhome sho did send amang
The Jeittie cludds, for to foretell ane hour,
Before sho stay her tears, quhilk Ouide sang
Fell for her loue, quhilk turnit in a flour.

¶ For tragicall materis, complaintis, or testamentis vse this

this kynde of verſe following, callit *Troilus* verſe, as

To thee Echo, and thovv to me agane,
In the deſert, amangs the vvods and vvells,
Quhair deſtinie hes bound the to remane,
But companie, vvithin the firths and fells,
Let vs complain, vvith vvofull zoutts and zells,
A ſhaft, a ſhotter, that our harts hes ſlane:
To thee Echo, and thovv to me agane.

¶ For flyting, or Invectiues, vſe this kinde of verſe following, callit R*ouncefallis* or *Tumbling* verſe.

In the hinder end of haruest vpon Athallovv ene,
Quhen our gude nichtbors rydis (nou gif I reid richt)
Some bucklit on a benvvod, & ſome on a bene,
Ay trottand into troupes fra the tvvylicht:
Some ſadland a ſho ape, all grathed into grene:
Some hotcheand on a hemp ſtalk, hovand on a heicht.
The king of Fary vvith the Court of the Elf quene,
VVith many elrage Incubus rydand that nicht:
There ane elf on ane ape ane vnſell begat:
Beſyde a pot baith auld and vvorne,
This bratshard in ane bus vvas borne,
They fand a monſter on the morne,
VVar facit nor a Cat.

¶ For compendious prayſing of any bukes, or the authouris thairof, or ony argumentis of vther hiſtoreis, quhair ſindrie ſentences, and change of purpoſis are re-

quyrit, vſe *Sonet* verſe, of fourtene lynis, and ten fete in euery lyne. The exemple quhairof, I neid nocht to ſhaw zow, in reſpect I haue ſet doun twa in the beginning of this treatiſe.

¶ In materis of loue, vſe this kynde of verſe, quhilk we call *Commoun* verſe, as

Quhais anſwer made thame nocht ſa glaid
That they ſould thus the victors be,
As euen the anſwer quhilk I *haid*
Did greatly ioy and comfort me :
Quhen lo, this ſpak Apollo myne,
All that thou ſeikis, it ſall be thyne.

¶ Lyke verſe of ten fete, as this foirſaid is of aucht, ze may vſe lykewayis in loue materis : as alſo all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verſe, quhairof new formes are daylie inuentit according to the Poetis pleaſour, as

Quha wald haue tyrde to heir that tone,
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone
Throuch ſhouting of the Larkis ?
They ſprang ſa heich into the ſkyes
Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis
Of Naturis chapell Clarkis.
Then leauing all the Heauins aboue
He lichted on the eard.

Lo !

Lo! hovv that lytill God of loue
Before me then oppeard,
So myld-lyke
And chyld-lyke *VVith bovv thre quarters ſkant*
So moylie
And coylie *He luckit lyke a Sant.*

And ſa furth.

¶ This onely kynde of brokin verſe abone written, man of neceſſitie, in thir laſt ſhort fete, *as ſo moylie and coylie*, haue bot twa fete and a tayle to ilkane of thame, as ze ſie, to gar the cullour and ryme be in the penult ſyllabe.

¶ Any of thir foirſaidis kyndes of ballat is of haill verſe, and not cuttit or brokin as this laſt is, gif ze lyke to put ane owerword to ony of thame, as making the laſt lyne of the firſt verſe, to be the laſt lyne of euerie vther verſe in that ballat, will ſet weill for loue materis.

Bot beſydis thir kyndes of brokin or cuttit verſe, quhilks are inuentit daylie be Poetis, as I ſhewe before, there are ſindrie kyndes of haill verſe, with all thair lynis alyke lang, quhilk I haue heir omittit, and tane bot onelie thir few kyndes abone ſpecifeit as the beſt, quhilk may be applyit to ony kynde of ſubiect, bot rather to thir, quhairof I haue ſpokin before.

* * *

* THE CIIII. PSALME,
TRANSLATED OVT OF TREMELLIVS.

PSALME CIIII.

O Lord inſpyre my ſpreit and pen, to praiſe
Thy Name, whoſe greatnes far ſurpaſſis all:
That ſyne, I may thy gloir and honour blaiſe,
Which cleithis the ouer: about the lyke a wall
The light remainis. O thow, whoſe charge and call,
Made Heauens lyke courtenis for to ſpred abreid,
Who bowed the waters ſo, as ſerve they ſhall
For criſtall ſyilring ouer thy houſe to gleid.

Who walks vpon the wings of reſtles winde,
Who of the clouds his chariot made, euen he,
Who in his preſent ſtill the ſpreits doeth find,
Ay ready to fulfill ilk iuſt decrie
Of his, whoſe ſeruants fyre and flammis they be.
Who ſet the earth on her foundations ſure,
So as her brangling none ſhall euer ſee:
Who at thy charge the deip vpon her bure.

So, as the very tops of mountains hie
Be fluidis were onis ouerflowed at thy command,
Ay whill thy thundring voice ſone made them flie
Ower hiddeous hills and howes, till noght but ſand
Was left behind, ſyne with thy mightie hand
Thow limits made vnto the [illegible]ing deip.
So ſhall ſhe neuer droun againe the land,
But brek her wawes on rockis, her mairch to keip.

PSALME CIIII.

Thir are thy workis, who maid the ſtrands to breid,
Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,
Whairto wyld Aſſes oft dois rinn with ſpeid,
With vther beaſts to drinke. Hard by we heir
The chirping birds among the leaues, with beir
To ſing, whil all the rocks about rebounde.
A woundrous worke, that thow, ô Father deir,
Maks throtts ſo ſmall yeild furth ſo great a ſound!

O thow who from thy palace oft letts fall
(For to refreſh the hills) thy bleſſed raine:
Who with thy works mainteins the earth and all:
Who maks to grow the herbs and graſs to gaine,
The herbs for foode to man, graſs dois remaine
For food to horſe, and cattell of all kynde.
Thow cauſeſt them not pull at it in vaine,
But be thair foode. ſuch is thy will and mynde.

Who dois reioyſe the harts of man with wyne,
And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,
And who with foode his ſtomack ſtrengthnes ſyne
who nuriſhes the very treis aright.
The C*edars* evin of L*iban* tale and wight
He planted hath, where birds do bigg their neſt.
He made the *Firr* trees of a woundrous hight,
Where S*torks* dois mak thair dwelling place, & reſt.

Thow

PSALME CIIII.

Thow made the barren hills, wylde goats refuge.
Thow maid the rocks, a residence and rest
For *Alpin* ratts, where they doe liue and ludge.
Thow maid the *Moone*, her course, as thou thoght best.
Thow maid the *Sunne* in tyme go to, that lest
He still sould shyne, then night sould neuer come.
But thow in ordour all things hes so drest,
Some beasts for day, for night are also some.

For Lyons young at night beginnis to raire,
And from their denns to craue of God some pray:
Then in the morning, gone is all their caire,
And homeward to their caues rinnis fast, fra day
Beginne to kythe, the Sunne dois so them fray.
Then man gois furth, fra tyme the Sunne dois ryse,
And whill the euening he remanis away
At lesume labour, where his liuing lyes.

How large and mightie are thy workis, ô Lord!
And with what wisedome are they wrought, but faile.
The earths great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde
Dois beare: Heir of the Seas (which dyuers skaile
Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: Ilk saile
Of dyuers ships vpon the swolling wawes
Dois testifie, as dois the monstrous whalle,
Who frayis all fishes with his ravening Jawes.

PSALME CIIII.

All thir (ô Lord) yea all this woundrous heape
Of liuing things, in feafon craues their fill
Of foode from thee. Thow giuing, Lord, they reape:
Thy open hand with gude things fills them ftill
When fo thow lift: but contrar, when thow will
Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled fair,
Their breath by thee receavd, fone dois them kill:
Syne they returne into their afhes bair.

But notwithftanding, Father deare, in cace
Thow breath on them againe, then they reviue.
In fhort, thow dois, ô Lord, renewe the face
Of all the earth, and all that in it liue.
Therefore immortall praife to him we giue:
Let him reioyfe into his works he maid,
Whofe looke and touche, fo hills and earth dois greiue,
As earth dois tremble, mountainis reikis, afraid.

To *Jehoua* I all my lyfe fhall fing,
To found his Name I euer ftill fhall cair:
It fhall be fweit my thinking on that King:
In him I fhall be glaid for euer mair:
O let the wicked be into no whair
In earth. O let the finfull be deftroyde.
Bleffe him my foule who name *Iehoua* bair:
O bleffe him now with notts that are enioyde.
Hallelu-iah.

ANE SCHORT POEME
OF TYME.

* * *
*

AS I was panſing in a morning, aire,
And could not ſleip, nor nawayis take me reſt,
Furth for to walk, the morning was ſa faire,
Athort the feilds, it ſemed to me the beſt.
The *Eaſt* was cleare, whereby belyue I geſt
That fyrie *Titan* cumming was in ſight,
Obſcuring chaſt *Diana* by his light.

Who by his ryſing in the *Azure* ſkyes,
Did dewlie helſe all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
VVhich made the ſoile to ſauour ſweit and ſmell,
By dewe that on the night before downe fell,
VVhich then was ſoukit vp by the *Delphienns* heit
Vp in the aire: it was ſo light and weit.

Whoſe hie aſcending in his purpour Sphere
Prouokit all from *Morpheus* to flee:
As beaſts to feid, and birds to ſing with beir,
Men to their labour, biſſie as the Bee:
Yet ydle men deuyſing did I ſee,
How for to dryue the tyme that did them irk,
By ſindrie paſtymes, quhill that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to ſee them ſeik a wyle,
So willinglie the precious tyme to tyne :
And how they did them ſelfis ſo farr begyle,
To faſhe of tyme, which of it ſelfe is fyne.
Fra tyme be paſt, to call it backwart ſyne
Is bot in vaine : therefore men ſould be warr,
To fleuth the tyme that flees fra them ſo farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which giues him dayis his God aright to knaw :
Wherefore then ſould we be at ſic a ſtryfe,
So ſpedelie our ſelfis for to withdraw
Euin from the tyme, which is on nowayes flaw
To flie from vs, ſuppoſe we fled it noght ?
More wyſe we were, if we the tyme had ſoght.

Bot ſen that tyme is ſic a precious thing,
I wald we ſould beſtow it into that
Which were moſt pleaſour to our heauenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greateſt lat.
Bot ſen that death to all is deſtinat,
Let vs imploy that tyme that God hath ſend vs,
In doing weill, that good men may commend vs.

Hæc quoq ; perficiat, quod perficit omnia, Tempus.

FINIS.

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A TABLE OF SOME OBSCVRE WORDIS WITH THEIR SIG-*nifications, efter the ordour of* the Alphabet.

* *
*

VVordis	Significations
Ammon	Iupiter Ammon.
Ande	A village besyde *Mantua* where *Virgill* was borne.
Alexandria	A famous citie in *Egypt* where was the notable librarie gathered by *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*.

B

Bethaniens	fecound liuing *Lazarus* of *Bethania*, who was reuiued be Chrift, reid *John* 11 Chap.

C

Castalia	A well at the fute of the hill *Parnaffus*.
Celæno	The cheif of the *Harpyes*, a kynde of monfters with wingis and womens faces, whom the Poets feynzies to represent theuis.

Cerberus — The thrie headed porter of hell.

Cimmerien night — Drevin from a kynd of people in the Eaſt, called *Cimmerij*, who are great theuis, and dwellis in dark caues, and therefore, ſleeping in ſinne, is called *Cimmerien* night.

Circuler daunce — The round motionis of the Planets, and of their heauens, applyed to ſeuin ſindrie metallis.

Clio — One of the *Muſes*.

Cypris — The dwelling place of *Venus*, tearming *continens pro contento*.

Cyprian torche — Lovis darte.

D

Delphien Songs — Poemes, and verſes. drawen from the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delphos*.

Diræ — Thre furies of hell, *Alecto*, *Megera*, and *Teſiphone*.

Dodon — A citie of the kingdome of *Epirus*, beſydes the which, there was a wood and a Temple therein, conſecrated to *Jupiter*.

E

Electre — A metall, fowre parts gold and fift part ſiluer.

Eliſe field — In Latin Campi *Eliſij*, a ioy full place in hell, whereas the Poets feinzeis all the

happie ſpreits do remaine.

Eſculape A mediciner, after made a god.

G

Greateſt thunders *Jupiter* (as the Poets feinzeis) had two thunders, whereof he ſent the greateſt vpon the Gyants, who contemned him.

H

Hermes An AEgiptiã *Philoſopher* ſoone after the tyme of *Moyſes*, confeſſed in his Dialogues one onely God to be Creator of all things, and graunted the errours of his forefathers, who brought in the ſuperſtitious worſhipping of Idoles.

Hippolyte After his mẽbers were drawin in ſunder by fowre horſes, *Eſculapius* at *Neptuns* requeſt, glewed them together, and reviued him.

M

Mauſole tombe One of the ſeauin miracles which *Artemiſe* cauſed to be builded for her huſband by *Timotheus*, *Briace*, *Scope*, and ſindrie other workmen.

Mein A riuer in *Almanie*.

Sein A riuer in *Fraunce*.

The Authors meaning by thefe two riuers is, that the originall of the *Almanis* came firft out of *Fraunce*, cōtrarie to the vulgar opinion.

N

Nynevoiced mouth — The nyne *Mufes*, whereof *Vranie* was one.

P

Panchaia — A towne in the Eaft, wherein it is written, the P*hœnix* burnis her felfe vpon *Apollos* altar.

Pinde or *Pindus* — A hill confecrate to *Apollo*, and the M*ufes*.

Phœmonœ — A woman who pronounced the Oracles of *Apollo*.

S

Seamans ftarres — The feauin ftarres.

Semele — Mother of B*acchus*, who being deceiued by *Iuno*, made *Jupiter* come to her in his leaft thunder, which neuertheleſs confumde her.

Syrenes — Taken heir for littill gray birdes of C*anaria*.

T

Thais — A common harlot of *Alexandria*.

Triton

Triton A monſter in the ſea, ſhapin like a man.

Turnus ſiſter, Named *Iuturna*, a goddeſſe of the water, who in the ſhape of her brothers waggoner led his chariot through the fields, ay till *Alecto* appeared vnto them in the ſhape of an Howlet.

V

Vranie The heauenly Muſe.

FINIS.

Sonnet of the Authour.

THE facound Greke, *Demosthenes* by name,
His toung was ones into his youth so flow,
As evin that airt, which floorish made his fame, Rhetorique.
He scarce could name it for a tyme, ze know.
So of small seidis the *Liban* Cedres grow:
So of an egg the *Egle* doeth proceid:
From fountains small great N*ilus* flood doeth flow:
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thow dois reid
These my first fruictis, dispyse them not at all.
Who watts, bot these may able be indeid
Of fyner Poemis the beginning small.
Then, rather loaue my meaning and my panis,
Then lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis.

FINIS.

****

I HAVE INSERT FOR THE FILLING OVT OF THIR VACAND PAGEIS THE VERIE

wordis of *Plinius* vpon the *Phœnix*, as followis.

***
*

C. PLINII

Nat. Hist. Lib. Decimi, Cap. 2.

De Phœnice.

* *
*

AEthiopes atq ; Indi, discolores maximè & inenarrabiles ferunt aues, & ante omnes nobilem Arabia Phœnicē : haud scio an fabulosè, vnum in toto orbe, nec visum mag nopere. Aquilæ narratur magnitudine, auri fulgore circa colla, cætera purpureus, cæruleam roseis caudam pennis distinguentibus, cristis faciem, capútque plumeo apice cohonestante. Primus atque diligentissimus togatorum de eo prodidit Manilius, Senator ille, maximis nobilis doctrinis doctore nullo : neminem extitisse qui viderit vescentē : sacrum in Arabia Soli esse, viuere annis DCLX. senescentem, casia thurisque surculis construere nidū, replere odoribus, & superemori. Ex ossibus deinde & memedullis eius na-

ſci primo ceuvermiculum : inde fieri pullum : principióque iuſta funeri priori reddere, & totum deferre nidum prope Panchaiam in Solis vrbem, & in ara ibi deponere. Cum huius alitis vita magni conuerſionem anni fieri prodit idem Manilius, iterumque ſignificationes tempeſtatum & ſiderum eaſdem reuerti. Hoc autem circa meridiem incipere, quo die ſignum Arietis Sol intrauerit. Et fuiſſe eius conuerſionis annum prodēte ſe P. Licinio, M. Cornelio Conſulibus. Cornelius Valerianus Phœnicem deuolaſſe in AEgyptum tradit, Q. Plautio, Sex. Papinio Coss. Allatus eſt & in vrbem Claudij Principis Cenſura, anno vrbis DCCC, & in comitio propoſitus, quod actis teſtatum eſt, ſed quem falſum eſſe nemo dubitaret.

FINIS.

I helped my ſelf alſo in my Tragedie thairof vvith the Phœnix of Lactantius Firmianus, vvith Geſnerus de Auibus, & dyuers vthers, bot I haue onely inſert thir foreſaid vvords of Plinius, Becauſe I followv him maiſt in my Tragedie. Farevveill.

(*.*)